


THE FOURTH DIMENSION
The Literary Magazine of Selwyn House School

VOLUME XII
June, 1985



THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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T H E F O U R T H D I M E N S I O N

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V O L U M E X I I

1985

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

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EDITORIAL

The title of our magazine refers to the dimension of space-time, the dimension Albert Einstein added to the three dimensions of space to explain "the relativity" in his theory of relativity. The fourth dimension suggests to us the power of the imagination, both the imagination of the artist and that of his audience. As readers, you will notice a reasonably consistent interest, among the contributors of whatever age, in joining the visual with the verbal. The stories submitted by Grade One students about Carnival Week, for example, are illustrated, as are some of the stories by Grade Four boys. It may be helpful to you as a reader of the poems by senior boys to know that many of their pieces were written as assignments: Grade 8 boys wrote ballads, sometimes about mythological figures; Grade 9 boys wrote sonnets, some of them illustrated; Grade 10 boys wrote illustrated poems; and Grade 11 boys wrote topographical (inspired by space and time) meditations. In all these pieces the reader is asked to imagine himself with the speaker at a specific place and time, often one that affords a panoramic view from above. Their visual quality is a strikingly persistent element in all the pieces in this anthology.

Our thanks goes to all our contributors and to their teachers. If you'd like to appear in next year's volume, remember to submit pieces without needing to be cajoled.

Thanks also goes to Mrs. Christine Krushelnyski for duplicating this hefty book at a difficult time of year for her, and to Mrs. Pauline Tierney for typing some pages.

The format of the book may need some explaining. At the pink pages (pp. 27 ff.) begins a grade-by-grade series of items, beginning with Grade One. The (beginning) white pages were originally duplicated as a separate number of the volume and thus contain a miscellany of material; we decided subsequently to publish the volume in a single number. Please take note of other editorial notes on pp. 1, 53, and 58.

Byron Harker

Québec Association of Independent Schools

P R I Z E E S S A Y S

The Québec Association of Independent Schools held its second annual essay contest in November. We in the English Department are proud to announce that Paul Boubli won First Prize in the Junior Division (for Grades 8 and 9) for his short story "The First Date" and that David Jones won First Prize in the Senior Division (for Grades 10 and 11) for his essay "The Threat of Computer Virus." Each of these boys received a book valued at \$40 for his effort. Our congratulations to these boys, our first winners in the contest, for having brought such honour to themselves and to the School!

The winning essays appear immediately below, in first place in this year's Fourth Dimension. May they prove the first in a series of "clean sweeps" by our entrants to this contest.

THE FIRST DATE - Paul Boubli - Grade 9

There was a light rain over Montreal on this gloomy Wednesday evening. John Ray, the headmaster of Beaconsfield Elementary School, was a man of average height, in good physical condition, with a bushy, black beard and small, grinning eyes. He loved sports, and running the administration of his school, yet socially, he was a total flop. He tried to avoid all public places except, and ironically so, the school, and even went as far as hiring people to do his shopping. Lately though, he had vowed to change this

severe shyness after meeting the girl of his dreams - Julia Von Schlippenstein. On this cloudy evening, the rain having stopped, he was preparing for his special date with Julia - special, since it was his first ever. After a shower, a light snack, and a series of hairstyle try-outs, John searched his house for the opera tickets he had bought for tonight's big event.

"Drat," he said to himself after a prolonged search, "I must have left them in my office at school." Meaning to fetch them on the way to the opera, he left his home to pick up Julia.

They carried on a healthy conversation all the way to the school, where John beckoned her to wait outside while he got the tickets. His office was on the first floor of the building, not far from the entrance. When inside, he noticed that Ms. Mollifeather, his secretary, was at her desk working feverishly on the report cards of the last term. He greeted her, advised her to take the rest of the night off, and then continued on into his office. There, to his horror, he saw that the school safe had been forced open and that all the school funds were gone.

*

*

*

"What exactly did you do after that?" came the question from Inspector Finney, of the local police department, continually scribbling things down onto his notepad. He was standing over the lifeless corpse of poor John Ray, who had been stabbed in the back with a meat-cutting knife from the local cafeteria, and lay sprawled on the floor, shirt and blazer soaked in blood.

Ms. Mollifeather, in a screechy voice, set out answering Finney's question by describing her actions: that after having heard Mr. Ray's sharp scream for help, she ran into his office to find the open safe and, of course, the dead body of Mr. Ray on the floor. "Then," she continued, "after screaming myself, I called you - the police - from Mr. Ray's phone."

Turning to Julia, Finney put the question, "And what's your side of the story Ms. Von Schlippenstein?"

She wiped a tear off from her face and started. "Well... I was waiting outside the entrance of the school for my da... er... Mr. Ray to return, when suddenly I heard a shriek. Not thinking... I... I dashed inside and saw Ms. Mollifeather, in John's... Mr. Ray's office, on the phone. Then... then she told me what had happened and we waited for you to arrive."

"Hmmm... " Finney thought aloud, while adding some more lines to his notes, "Odd, very odd indeed. You're sure, Ms. Mollifeather, that no one else entered or left the building before I came?"

She replied affirmatively, quite sure of herself. The inspector, now thoroughly confused with the case, proceeded to leave the women outside in the reception hall in the care of his assistant officer, Multke, while he inspected the room of the murder - John Ray's office. He returned frequently over the span of an hour to offer his support to the women, who had obviously gone through a lot already, and were in a state of shock. Then, at 9:15, quite unexpectedly, detective Theodor Slay, the most brilliant of all MUCTC Policemen, arrived on the scene.

"I hear there's been a murder here?" he asked rhetorically, not waiting for an answer. Slay, though extremely intelligent while working on a case, appeared quite childish as he tried to impress his co-workers with an exaggerated English accent, and an array of Sherlock Holmes coats, hats and magnifying glasses. Now, though, his only interest lay with the mystery of murder. It was a pleasure to see him at work; his eyes gleamed with excitement, his ears were alert and poised for the slightest sound, and his feet crept stealthily on the wooden floor. He was examining the office of John Ray, often asking Finney, who, succumbing to Slay's superiority, was outside with the two women and Multke, a question before continuing. He spent a long time examining the safe which had been broken into, and seemed quite disinterested in the dead body on the floor. Finally satisfied, he asked Finney if he could see his notepad.

"Are you absolutely certain of all you've written down here?" he questioned Finney.

"Yes," came the confident reply.

"Then I arrest you, Ms. Mollifeather, for the murder of John Ray."

* * *

"How did you do it?" exclaimed Finney, admiring his colleague's genius.

"Elementary," Slay started, assuming his profound English accent, "elementary. It was all a question of reconstructing the crime with the facts you and I acquired in our investigations." He laughed heartily and then continued. "Let's start in front of the school. John Ray steps inside to get the tickets for the opera, leaving Julia by the entrance outdoors. He sees Ms. Mollifeather working at her desk, greets her, and continues into his office. Suddenly, he sees the empty safe, and, before being able to turn towards Ms. Mollifeather, is stabbed in the back." He paused.

"Well?" asked Finney impatiently, doubting, for the first time, his partner's competence.

"Well," Slay took up, "in reality, Ms. Mollifeather, with her set of school keys, entered the school earlier, without ever thinking that she would meet John Ray that same evening. She then set out to opening the school safe, and stole the school funds but was cut short when she heard someone come in through the front door- Mr. Ray. For a cover, she pretended to be hard at work at her desk, negligent to remove her handbag from the top of the safe. As Mr. Ray walked into his office, he immediately realised that Ms. Mollifeather had stolen the funds for he saw her handbag. Before he could turn, however, she stabbed him with the closest weapon in sight, an irrational action, because she knew that

if anyone ever found out about her having stolen the funds, her career would be ruined." He stood looking at the painting on the wall of the office. "Anyways," he continued, " she then tidied the place up, staged a fake scream that sent Julia running inside, and proceeded to give herself a near perfect alibi."

"But," Finney asked dazed, " but how can you prove this?"

"Three ways," answered Slay, " first, in analyzing the safe, it is clear that no woman could have pried it open for it was made of very thick steel. Ms. Mollifeather, who obviously had the combination to the lock on the safe opened it easily, since she was in direct contact with it everyday at school. To clear herself of suspicion, though, she tried, as best she could, to vandalize the door and hinges to make it look as if a real burglar had broken in."

"Of course." realized Finney.

"Second, while testifying, Ms. Mollifeather made a big mistake when she said that she had heard two screams - one by John Ray, and the other by herself. In reality, there had only been one - that heard by the innocent and unsuspecting Julia waiting outside." He paused, looked over at Finney, and laughed at his colleague's stare of amazement. "Lastly, I was able to deduce that Ms. Mollifeather's hand bag had at one time rested on the safe by smell. I detected an odd cologne on the top of the safe during my examination, one that matched, unmistakably, the scent of Ms. Mollifeather's handbag." He ended this speech loudly, triumphantly as if receiving a majestic applause from an audience.

* * *

As it turned out, Ms. Mollifeather was sentenced to life

imprisonment on a charge of first degree murder, Julia Von Shlippenstein moved to Westmount to try to befriend one of the town's school's headmasters, and Inspector Finney and detective Slay, demanding more money for the work they did on the case, went on strike the next day with their fellow officers.

THE THREAT OF COMPUTER VIRUS

David Jones - 11B

"I am become death, the destroyer of worlds."

- R. Oppenheimer

Last year, the movie War Games introduced the North American public to the problem of computer security. The reaction was that of fear, fear that something similar to what happened in the movie could really happen. The government, though, said that there was nothing to worry about, so by the end of the year, everything had died down. But now there is another problem that computer scientists are afraid to tell anyone about. They are now confronting the possibility that something akin to germ warfare could be used to disable their most powerful machines, and at the moment they are defenceless against it. It is a computer virus, a self reproducing logic bomb that attacks and spreads throughout whole computer systems.

The virus is a short computer program that is inserted into another program in the computer's memory. Because of its small size compared to the program it hides in, it's undetectable to the computer operators. Every time the program is run, the virus halts the execution of the host program, searches for another program in memory, inserts a copy of itself in that program, then returns control to the host program. This only takes about one half a second, so again, it goes unnoticed by the computer operators. There are then two copies of the virus at work, each making duplicates of the original virus, which in turn make more duplicates, and so on. This way, the virus quickly spreads throughout the system, completely unnoticed.

Being a logic bomb, the virus will carry out a set of instructions when a certain condition is met. The condition could be anything, for example, one type of logic bomb a programmer might put in his company's computer would destroy all the company's files if his name were ever erased from the payroll (meaning he was fired). The fact that he could put one in, is bad enough, but the fact that he could put one in that would spread throughout the whole system undetected is much worse.

Just last year, a group of computer scientists recognized the potential program concerning computer viruses, and decided to run some tests involving them. They got permission to enter one into a large computer system, and much to their surprise, it had completely infiltrated the system in less than half an hour. The owners of the computer were so disturbed by the success of the virus, that they refused to let any more tests be performed.

It wasn't long though before the scientists got access to another system, and resumed the testing. This time, it was on a computer with a special operating system designed for military security, but even that couldn't stop the virus. The system was infected at the lowest access level, but since there are no restrictions against data flow within the computer itself, the entire system was infected within the hour.

The problem of viral spread within the computer itself is very serious but even more serious is the problem of viral spread between separate computer systems. Computer users often swap software with each other either by tape, disk, or by telephone. Thus a virus that infects one system can, over time, spread to others, a hazard that may be particularly severe to the banking industry, where information is constantly exchanged by telephone.

One thing that nobody has to worry about is the Pentagon's military computers. According to security experts there, they have been concerned with viruses for years, and they have even developed computer antibodies that attack and kill viruses should one happen to get in, although that would be next to impossible. The computers themselves are completely isolated, and any wires running between them are enclosed in pipes full of pressurized gas. Any attempt to get at the wires would be given away by a rapid drop in the pressure, which is constantly monitored.

But that still leaves the air traffic control systems, the banking systems, hundreds of companies, hospital patient monitoring systems, financial networks, and many others unprotected and vulnerable to attacks. Computer viruses are not particularly hard to build, and the results of an attack could be disastrous. Scientists have mixed feelings whether something like this should be made public or not, because there just might be someone out there who's crazy enough to build one. Nonetheless, they all agree that it's something we have no defences against at the moment, and if we wait for the bad guys to create a virus first, by the time we find out about it, it will be too late.

* * * * *

"OH GOD, HE CAN'T MAKE IT!"

by Liam Maloney (4A)

Chapter One - MONSTER

It was a dull Saturday on the small drilling station. Tom had decided to take a stroll on the deck. He was the first one awake and so he was all alone. On board the deck, he saw a couple of dolphins leaping in and out of the water. "What a pretty sight," he said. Then he went to look at the drill. "All fine," he said. He walked over to the railing and looked over.

"Oh no," Tom said. He could see some sort of slimy monster biting at the raft-like rubber on the sides. He got out his gun and shot at it. Nothing happened. So he pulled the alarm. In one second everybody was there in warm diving equipment. He told them what had happened. The divers rushed down the ladder and into the water with blowguns. Tom got into his helicopter and took off with the captain.

Chapter Two - KILLING

They suddenly saw blood on the surface of the water. They were very happy. That is, until two dead divers rose to the surface. Then, they had a shock. The million dollar boat was sinking! In about two minutes it was gone. Tom landed the huge helicopter on the water. He summoned the two other divers to get in with him. The helicopter took off. Tom knew the divers well. Their names were, Jacob, and Stinger.

After about two hours of flying without finding anything, they realized that the fuel had disappeared. Tom screamed over the noise of the engine, "We're going to have to make a crash landing! Brace yourselves for the jolt!" As they were about to crash, they noticed a parachute on the back of their seats. So they put them on and leaped out in the nick of time. Just as they leaped, the 'copter blew up.

Chapter Three - A NEW HOPE

They were now in Inuit country. As they walked on the ice, they scanned the ground for any sign of encampment. After days and days of walking, almost freezing, they saw a Mounted Police oil place. They ran to it, exhausted after their walk. Tom said, "That's a miracle!"

Chapter Four - AT LAST

A guard was at the door. He was so surprised, he nearly fainted. They went in and had a good meal. Then the captain gave them a helicopter. They got back to the city and lived happily ever after.

David Hanna (4A)

I was hiking in the hills near a cave when I saw a light flash inside. Slowly I crept into the cave. There stood an old man with a long beard and sparks flying from his fingertips. Then he saw me. He said, "Go away," but I didn't want to. He said, "If you are not scared you may go. Here is a paddle and a small boat. You will need it. I am the guard of the cave. Go fast, before a plentiful supply of goblins catches you!" I ran in, and I heard feet coming at me. I ran and ran until I could hear nothing. I stepped on something. I felt it, picked it up. It was a sword. I walked again.

Then I fell into a big cavity. I landed, but walked and walked. It was scary. I heard a roar, so I started running again. There were a lot of dragons around me. They came closer and closer. I remembered that I had a sword. I drew the sword out. I slayed a few. But they did not stop. There was fire coming at me, but somehow the sword stopped the fire from getting me. I was lucky. The sword was magical! Then the sword gave off light. But still I ran. Then there were goblins on one side of me and dragons on the other side. The sword and I couldn't do anything to both sides. I was all alone.

But then, out of another tunnel, came a lot of dwarves. There were about two thousand dwarves! There was a war with dragons, goblins and dwarves. The dwarves liked me. They asked if I could stay. I said, "Yes I will." I started getting in the war. We won. They all started looking at the sword. The king dwarf said, "He has it." All the dwarves cheered. I wondered what they meant.

The dwarves said I had the magic sword. Then they said, "We're all magic because we have the sword." I wanted to drop the sword but it stayed in the air. I took it again. King Dwarf said, "Tell it to do something." I told it to make me a hamburger because I was hungry. It did it! It was good. I remembered that I couldn't stay. I left. I heard those feet again. They were close! And they came. Thousands of goblins captured me.

They started roasting me, but I remembered my sword. The goblins were not looking, I cut the string. I was loose! I scrambled out. They were chasing me. I saw a ladder going up the cavity I had fallen in before. I went up it. I saw daylight. I ran more and more. I got outside. I ran right past the guard. I still had the small boat and the paddle. There was a lake. I went in the boat. I paddled. Then a huge dragon (he looked like King Dragon) came up and started blowing fire at me. I drew out my sword and slayed him.

I got across the lake. I stooped and pushed a rock. Underneath there were about one hundred tons of gold and diamonds!

The Diary of Anne Frank was written by Anne Frank who was at the time thirteen or fourteen years old. The story takes place in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. The time that she lived in was a harsh one, because of the Second World War. Anne Frank was Jewish, and because of this, she, her family, and some close friends had to go into hiding in the attic of an office building to escape being caught by Adolf Hitler's Nazis. The first entry of the diary is dated at Friday, the twelfth day of June, 1942, and the last one, Tuesday, August first, 1944.

The office that Anne Frank lived in is still standing today. Over the summer, I was in Amsterdam for a few days, and of course I went to see the house. Her house is situated by one of Amsterdam's many beautiful canals, but Anne could not admire the beauty because of the strict conditions: if anybody saw her looking out the window, all they had to do was to alert 'die Grüne Politzie'-the green police-the Nazis, and they would be deported to a prison-camp. The annex (the attic of the office) was very, very small. In total, there were eight people living in the annex altogether : Anne, her sister Margot, their parents (Mr. and Mrs. Frank), Mr. and Mrs VanDaan, their son Peter, and the dentist, Mr. Kraler. The entrance to the attic from the office was hidden by a hinged bookcase, which covered up a set of steps leading up to the annex. In all, the people living in the annex must have lead a very tiresome **two** years, because they weren't allowed to even set foot on any soil for two years. They weren't allowed to even stretch their cramped legs in the spring sun. This torture was made even more unbearable because of the closeness in which they lived with one another.

The life of Anne Frank must have been a tedious one, because of all the different anxieties and frustrations I mentioned earlier. Also, their only contacts with the outside world were a radio and two people : Mr. Koophuis, and a friend called Miep. These people were very dear to all the people in the annex, because

they were the only ones who brought them books, and most of their food. Because only one or two people in the office knew about the hideaways above their heads, they could not use the toilet for almost eight hours a day (or wash their hands). They could not either walk around too much, or listen to the radio : the only thing that they could do was to read books all day.

I liked the book very much because it is unique ; it is written just how she felt then and there. The book is written with very much feeling.

The end of Anne Frank's life was someday in March, 1945, in a prison-camp, just two months before Hitler poisoned himself and the Jews were liberated. On August fourth, 1944, the Nazis arrived in their green jeeps, trooped up the office stairs, and deported all the hideaways. The annex was plundered by Gestapo, a Nazi police like the C.I.A. here in North America. Some Christian friends found Anne's diary among some old magazines. Only one of the hideaways returned to the tragic site : Otto Frank, Anne's father who published the diary.

No trains stop there any more; the old station seems to have become only one more feature of the landscape. From a distance, its moss covered walls and roof are hardly distinguishable. The old tracks leading away from it are out of use, as there is a faster way through the mountain cut now. The strange looking building leans slightly inward toward the tracks which are now covered by wild raspberry bushes. On the north side of the station stands a wet pile of autumn leaves. The double door which was once used hundreds of times daily, now hangs loosely on its hinges, swinging and squeaking when the occasional gust of wind blows up. The dirty windows are broken, and glass is scattered inside and out. Inside strange tracks of mud mark the trail of the occupants from the animal world. No human goes there, except the occasional hobo who seeks shelter from a storm. The smell of mold and decay is strong inside, enough to drive even the least sensitive nose away. To walk through the door into the darkness, gives you a feeling of insecurity, which doesn't let go no matter how long you stay - Dust lies thick throughout the inside. The air, too, is thick, so thick it can almost get caught in your throat. As you walk deeper into the gloomy, semi-darkness, it seems as though the floorboards are loosening. They creak as you walk on them. As you walk out of the old station, you feel as though you are walking into a whole new world, one that is alive!

Memories Die But Never Fade Away

Jared Tobman - Grade 8

No trains stop there anymore: the old train station seems to have become only one more feature of the landscape. The teller's booth has long since been deserted, the dust gathered upon the windowsill and the once shiny wooden casing faded beyond recognition. Not a soul dwells anymore in the once bustling waiting room, and the rich air of life and prosperity have been replaced by a musty atmosphere - that of gloom and sorrow. The old station has many stories to tell; the wind whispers through broken windowpanes and fallen leaves rustle; yet no one cares for this forgotten place. The town of which the station was of service to has long since disappeared. Yet the depot still lies waiting, hidden behind ferns, grass, and trees, impassable because of the density of the brush, and unapproached because of the marsh that surrounds it, enveloping it like the snow that clings to a mountain peak. The train tracks, those gracious lines that dance through the countryside like a deer through a plain - swift, alive and eluding - no longer are the dependency of thousands of commuters who once travelled upon them. The mortals are off to better places. The rusted track lasts an eternity, dead but still a prisoner of its steel casing. Indeed, this station is beyond salvation. The gabled roof droops, on the verge of collapsing, the benches splinter, and the floorboards weaken. The doors squeak and shiver and the lights flicker intermittently, gradually dimming and eventually burning out, thus dying. It has been years, since anything, human or not, approached this deserted landmark, and only a few distant automobiles break the silence. And I, the caretaker of the station, can only watch the decay, awaiting my own death, awaiting the train that will never come.

An Act of the Heart:

David Moroz - 8C

A True Gift

Snow was falling aimlessly from above. Each snowflake laid itself gently onto the fluffy white ground, to be lightly tossed by a sudden yet pleasant gust of wind. That special feeling which attaches itself like a parasite to Christmas could be felt in the air, as people bustled about finishing their last minute Christmas shopping. In front of the Eaton's store stood a man dressed in a red suit with a cottony white fringe ringing a bell. Beside him was a gold coloured pot. His long white beard was half covered in snow. Children gathered around him vainly asking him for one object or another.

Across the street was another man, only he was dressed in a suit of tarnished patches. He lay on a bench, which, despite the bright and cheery Christmas lights was in a rather dark and gloomy alcove. The children who moved from window to window, inspecting the Christmas landscapes with their parents dodged this area of the street as it apparently had nothing to offer in Christmas spirit. Beside the man was a green garbage can with streaks of rust. The man didn't seem to even notice the happy spirit of the people bustling about, but neither did it notice him. To him it was yet another night, through which he would sleep fitfully. He had often been disturbed during the night by passing cars or chilling gusts of wind, but never anything as forcefully disturbing as the ignorance that these people offered.

Down the street from where the man lay on his bench, was a family of

three. The two parents stopped at the corner to cross the street in an attempt to elude the unpleasant darkness, however, to their astonishment, their daughter continued down the street towards the man lying on the bench, a doll clutched in her hand. To the man there was something different about the little girl. He pondered for a moment. She was dressed much like most of the other small girls on the street. She was wearing a matching outfit which included a red coat and hat, a pair of red leggings and a pair of black snow boots. The hat came down over her ears and protected the greater part of her head from the cold. Her face was pigmented a light red, and freckles were apparent across her face. She continued towards the man, with her parents following at a quick pace. The man watched as she continued to walk, showing no notice of him. The girl was almost past him when she stopped. She turned and looked, unable to distinguish what was in the alcove. She stared into the vacant face of the man who looked quite bewildered. His hair was stiff with dried sweat. He smelled like a pair of sneakers which had been left to dry in a small closet, yet there was something which attracted the young girl to him. She came closer, and looked into the man's eyes. She could see the loneliness that had latched itself to him and wouldn't let go. She could see that, although in the centre of this bustling town he had not been inspired by the spirit of Christmas. "What's the matter mister?" she inquired with a sympathetic voice. No answer left the man's lips. The girl tried again, "Is anything wrong?" Still there was no answer. "Why aren't you talking to me?" she gave one last effort to get the man speak to her.

"Huh?", he responded in a drowsy way.

"Are you going to sleep here all night?" She asked daringly.

"Le'me alone, go away!" he retorted, seeming more aware of the girl's presence than before.

She realized that perhaps she was the only one who noticed this poor man. She placed her beloved doll gently into the man's hand, then raced towards her parents. She never looked back to see a smile form on the man's face.

The Thirty-Nine Steps

Introduction

I have often dreamt of going to Scotland because it is a very historical site with ancient castles and landmarks, and also because of my ancestors to visit my heritage. What is coincidental is that my favourite book by John Buchan, The Thirty-nine Steps, takes place in Scotland. This story begins as I ~~am~~ walking home from school on Friday the 13th of May, which just happens to be my birthday. So far thirteen has not been an unlucky number for me as you will find out in the story. By the way, you might be interested to know that my name is the same as the main character in the book, my name is Richard Smith.

I walked into my house and called out, "Hello, is there anybody home?" There was no reply. I walked into the kitchen, put my books on the counter and fixed myself a snack consisting of half of a cold pizza and a coke and went down to the basement to watch T.V.

As I switched on the light, my family and friends shouted out, "SURPRISE ! !" I could have sworn I jumped at least five feet. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ! !" They shouted again. I finally realized what was going on. After I recovered, they were wishing me Happy Birthday and it was a surprise party.

All of my friends and relatives, including my brother Alex and my sister Lisa, gave me a present except my parents. Finally they came up to me and handed me an envelope. I opened it slowly. I reached in and pulled out two tickets to

"SCOTLAND, Ahhhhhh!!!!" I was so excited! "I have always dreamt about going to Scotland, but how did you know?"

"Oh, just a lucky guess", my Dad replied. I turned to my girlfriend, Jessica. She was smiling as if she knew something I didn't know.

"So it was you who told them." I decided to take her along because if it weren't for her, I wouldn't have these tickets.

A month later, after my summer exams, I rushed home to pack for my trip. I found out that Jessica was very ill, and unable to go to Scotland with me. I went over to her house to see how she was.

"It's alright, I will be fine here. You go on to Scotland, I know how important it is to you to go there, and don't worry about me. I want you to go and have a good time." Jessica said all this, and I didn't even set foot in her room, but I took her advice and left.

A few days later I was on the plane to Scotland. Soon after I arrived, I found a landlord who had a room for rent. I then bought a motor-cycle to travel around on.

As I was coming back from shopping, I was grabbed by two men and stuffed into a limousine.

"What's going on here! Help! Police!" I shouted.

"It won't work, anyway, we are the Police. You have been picked to stop a great drug theft. Will you do it?"

I stopped to think about it. It seemed so much like the Thirty-nine steps, when one of Sir Richard Hannay's associates asked him if would stop a drug theft.

I replied, "Yes, I will do it." I said yes because I like taking risks, and also this was exactly why I had come to Scotland, to be like Sir Richard Hannay.

"Great!" the man said. "By the way, my name is Macgillvray." He put his hand out to shake mine. I grew pale with surprise and just stared at him.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Umh nothing, it is just that your name is very familiar", I said.

"Oh, anyway, this is your partner that you will be working with, John Paddock."

We shook hands, and just as I was leaving the car, Macgillvray said,

"Before you go, make sure you don't tell anybody about this, and if you want to contact me, here is my card. But we will be notifying you soon."

When I got back to my room, I told my landlord that I had met an old friend and that I would be off on a trip for a while. He agreed to keep my room while I was gone. I had to lie because the police, or Mr. Macgillvray, told me not to tell anyone.

The next day off I went into the countryside with Paddock. He had been given clues to go there. We stayed at a sleazy hotel for a few nights, until one day a man walked in and asked the man at the desk for a room at the back of the hotel on the top floor. He seemed very suspicious because he was wearing a hat with sun glasses (although it was very foggy outside) and a trench coat with the collar turned up. In one hand he carried a normal suitcase and in the other he had a briefcase handcuffed to his hand.

I decided to do some investigating that night. I heard him talking on the phone, and the only four words I could make out were, "Beach, north shore, drugs, thirty-nine steps." I couldn't quite figure it out, but in the morning Paddock and I put our clues together. The man was going to hand over the briefcase, probably full of money, in return for drugs,

at a house with thirty-nine steps leading down to a beach, just about two hours from here on the north shore.

We quickly ate our breakfast, and then we called Macgillvray to tell him the news. We met him about five hours later on a cliff looking over the beach. We figured out which house it was, but we couldn't see a soul. All we saw was a man on a ship about a hundred yards from shore who kept looking back at the house.

Finally, after about forty-five minutes, we saw someone come out of the house and go down to the beach, and the person on the boat came in into shore. We sent some men down to go and get them. One of the men on the beach saw me and shot at me with a gun. I heard Paddock scream,

"Richard! Duck! Richard!! Richard...Richard, Richard wake up, Richard, you're having a bad dream, wake up!"

I saw my Mom and my friends standing behind her, and I realized what had happened. When they shouted surprise, I had hit my head against the floor and fell unconscious, and going to Scotland was all a dream.

THE END

ARMAGEDDON

by: Carlton Evans - 8A

The horses were acting strangely that day. When David had gone to clean out the stable, they were jumping and prancing as if they were too restless to stay cooped up in the barn. He tried to let them into the pasture to run around and graze, but then they acted as if they wanted to stay in the stable. David could not understand this. He was a fourteen-year-old boy from the city who had gone to his uncle's farm for the weekend. He had been there before, but never had the animals acted so unpredictably. Finally, he gave up on the horses and went to milk Belma, the cow. He found her standing next to the fence, grazing quietly. She had always been very calm, even for a cow. However, as David approached her, she let out an earth-shattering moo, and started charging towards him. David was terrified and, on instinct, he ran as fast as he could. Satisfied that he was gone, Belma continued grazing innocently again. David was getting frustrated. It was almost lunch time, and he hadn't done any of his chores. "Oh, well", he thought, "Uncle Max will understand". He wended back to the cottage, trying to prepare his explanation to Uncle Max. David figured that Uncle Max would have to see for himself, since he tended to be very set in his ways. David boldly walked up the steps of the cottage, on

to the porch and pushed open the door. He looked around the small cottage, and found his uncle lying in the den reading a farmer's magazine.

"Uncle Max?", said David. His uncle turned around. "There's something you must see right away", blurted David. "The animals are acting very strangely, and I don't know why!"

Uncle Max lost his colour in a flash. He jumped up, onto his feet and said, "The same thing happened to me when I was a boy! It was the morning before World War II broke out. Your aunt was killed in that..." They heard an explosion in the distance, and the cottage crumbled to the ground.

THE DEATH OF A NATION: ARMAGEDDON

Andrew Hill-Grade 9

Women and children were screaming and wailing all through the streets of the capitol. Mangled and bloody corpses were strewn about the solemn streets. Every third building in the city housed an uncontrollable blaze. Deafening explosions shook the city and echoed throughout the tiny island nation. Guerillas paraded proudly through the blood-laced streets- some on foot, others riding atop their camouflaged tanks. Mothers were desperately searching through the rubble for their children, wives for their husbands, and other survivors for their families and belongings. Many lucky citizens crawled aboard make-shift crafts in the hope that the ocean current would carry them away from their shambles of a country.

A gray sky hung ominously over the new Republic as supporters of the coup were pillaging the Assembly building - burning pictures of past presidents, and overturning tables and chairs. The Vandals seemed not to notice that a tall gray-ing figure was lying prone and motionless in a pool of scarlet-blood. Behind him was a toppled podium and scattered about him were the papers which, earlier that day, had formed his speech. On the man's face was a look of pain - or was it sorrow? Yes; sorrow. Sorrow for the people that had, in a few months, destroyed all the steps that he had worked so hard to achieve. Steps that would have formed the foundation for a stairway to a prosperous, peaceful, and unified nation.

" There's the tyrant!" screamed one of the vandals pointing to the graying man on the floor.

" Put the President in the garbage where he belongs," ordered another voice. Immediately, several of the vandals snatched up the bleeding corpse, and deposited it into an incinerator behind the Assembly building.

Three months ago, who would have thought that this nation, which was well on its way to becoming unified and prosperous, would harbour such a bloody revolution. How the members of the cabinet had laughed when they had read stories in the guerilla controlled newspaper about how the government was corrupting the country. At that point, not even the guerillas would have dreamed that they would overthrow the government.

The guerillas gained confidence through such acts of warning as car bombings, hijackings, and kidnappings. After two months, the guerillas established a base ten kilometers from the capital city. From there, they ravaged supply trucks taking the city's necessities. The stories about how corrupt the government was, were being published in greater quantity and the revolutionaries were gaining popularity. Then Sanchez, the leader of the revolutionaries, made the move that set the tone for civil war - he kidnapped the president's wife and children. After ten weeks of terrorist actions, open warfare broke out. For two weeks the army chased the guerillas around the island to no avail. Then the guerillas broke through the army's lines, causing great damage and marched on the capitol. The city was bombarded, the Assembly building invaded and most of the members thrown in jail. The president, however, was shot, killed, and left in a pool of his own

blood, at the mercy of the citizens.

Sanchez smiled proudly as the military parade past through the devastated streets of the capital city. As much as he hated the thought, he knew that the new Republic was not under his reign, but under the reign of Chaos. Perched atop his camouflaged tank at the head of the parade, he sipped wine from a silver goblet. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his chest; he looked down and saw spilt wine - wait, this wine was scarlet, not purple. Then, as he toppled from his perch into the cheering mob, he realized what had happened.

ARMAGEDDON

Jared Tobman - Grade 8

They sit staring, huddled together and clinging close for dear life. The fire swirls violently above their tiny heads, dancing a sort of spasmodic jig. The very essence of the ground they sit upon trembles, threatening to crumble into a thousand pieces. The solemn figures are two innocent children, brother and sister, in the midst of the fiery furnace of a nuclear explosion. Their minds drift back to what was supposed to have been an impossibility. They had awoken that morning to a cool, sunny day in their home in the lush Manhattan suburb. All at once, the siren had pierced the noises of everyday life. "Run for your lives", the people had screamed. "This is the end!", bellowed others. The old and helpless, the young and innocent had stood frozen with fear, awaiting the painful death that was their unfortunate fate. And now, they lay under a park bench in Central Park, deathly silent. The bluish blast that effortlessly destroyed buildings and brutally tore up anything in its path, rapidly approached the petrified youngsters. They stand to run, but the shock wave promptly pushes them flat on their stomachs. The immense ball of fire edges closer, as the children slip into oblivion.

He awoke to a bleak, grey sky. His breathing was slow and weak, and the boy felt like he had journeyed to the pits of hell and back. His skin was a greyish colour, and greenish warts protruded from his chest. His golden locks lay at his

feet. and the harsh wind whipped at his bald head. The boy glanced over his shoulder to where his sister lay, motionless. Her once lovely skin was rock hard, and her eyes bulged out of their sockets. The boy surveyed the area around him. The beautiful New York landscape was reduced to miles upon miles of rubble, and corpses were strewn across the barren land. The boy began to walk briskly, looking for anything and everything that represented his life before the blast. He had no destination in mind: perhaps there was no longer anything worth going to. He soon came across a portable television set under a pile of animal carcasses. He picked it up and turned it on. A dreary announcer appeared on the screen, and said in a monotonous tone, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States". With that, he rose, and walked out of view. Presently, a large, grey haired man placed himself in front of the camera. "Fellow Americans", he said. "I realize that we are in a time of severe crisis, but please keep calm. We are taking drastic safety measures. Everything is under control". Silence. "Under control", the voice echoed. The boy sighed deeply and looked up at the menacing sky, as small snowflakes began to fall upon the desecrated isle. "Under control", the man repeated. The television crackled and short-circuited, and a deathly silence hung upon the city. The boy sat down and cried.



Selwyn House

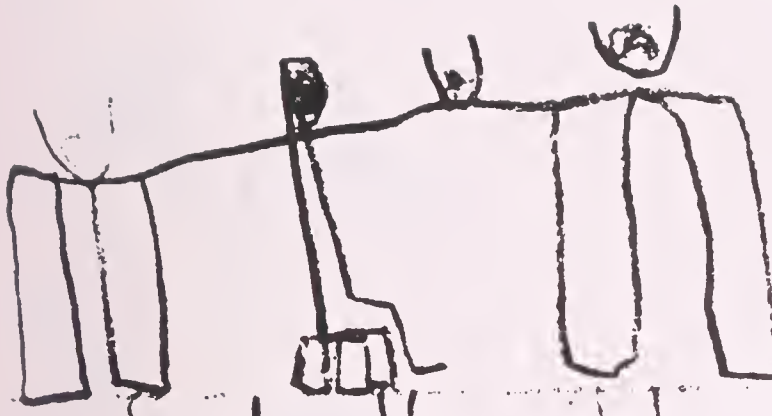
I like Selwyn House because at recess
I like the House games. I am in
Lucas and my house master is
Mrs. Manning. On my carnival I
went downhill skiing and I went on
chairlifts 3 times down and I
not do that! And for lunch I had
ham burger and jello and I had
French fries. I like gym the most.
I do not like wearing my uniform. I
hope Lucas wins today at recess.
One day we had a contest and I
liked the things! The End

Antony Elakie 1A



On Carnival week I had
fun and on Friday I went
skiing with Stuart and Jo ball.
They are in grad seven. we
went on mogoll hills and on jms
part to. I went flying. I had
fun and when we went on the
Cherlift I went with stuart. I had
fun.

JORDAN SOC ARANSKY. 1A GRAD ONE



Selwyn House

Selwyn House I like the

zza and the salad and the

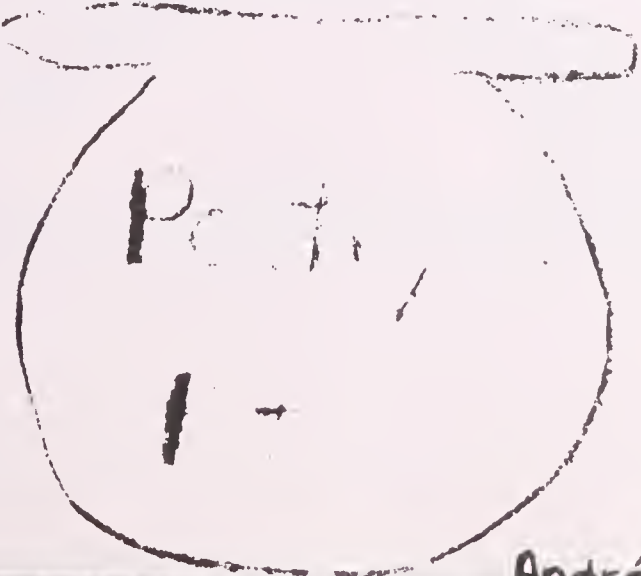
sagna. Tom Fletcher is

Poetry

Party

beautiful
blam

crakly



André Michel

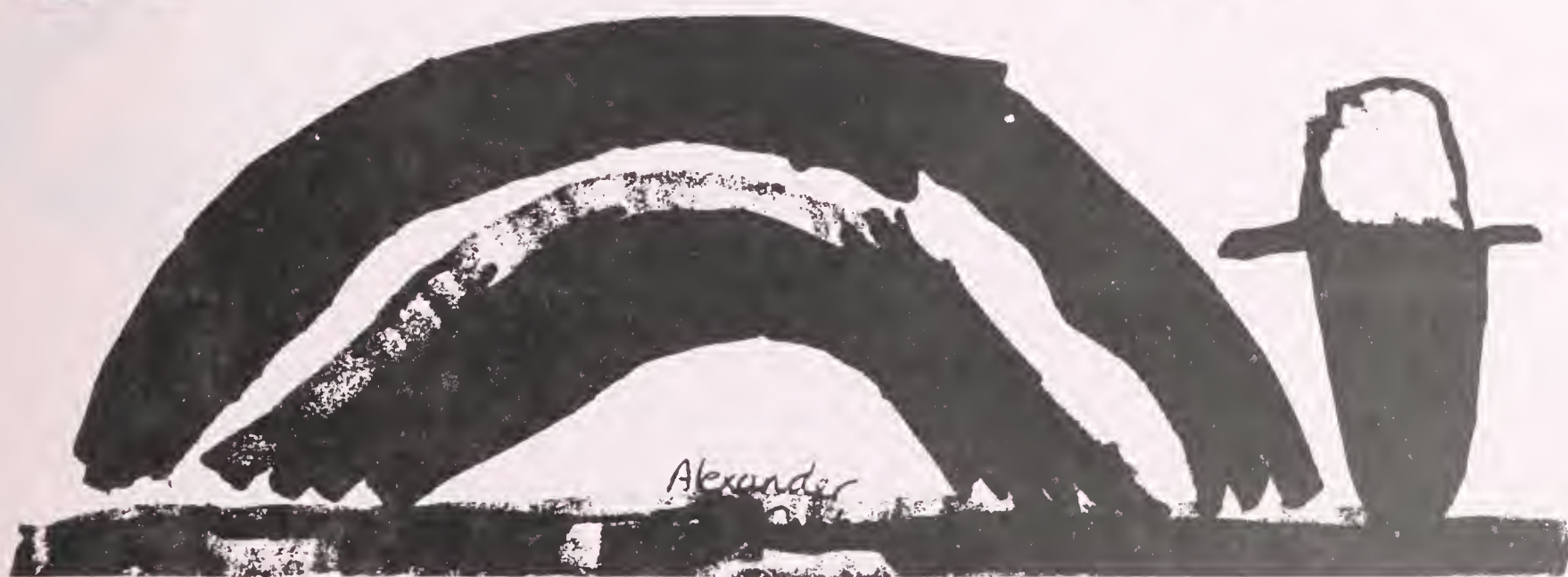
March

Ardes

Run

C. Country

H of Gay! Horray! Horray!



Spring is
Purple and
Red and Blue.
Ieven say
Nothing Beats spring. Its
Great I like it.

Marty 3A
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F
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L
ined up in

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ur garden

W
e love watching the

E
xciting colours

R
ight here in our garden.



BLEEDING HEARTS



PURPLE, RED, SHINING WHITE
WEEPING HEARTS, BREAKING SECRET
ON THE LISTENING GROUND.



By: Liam MALONEY



THE

(Part 1)

34

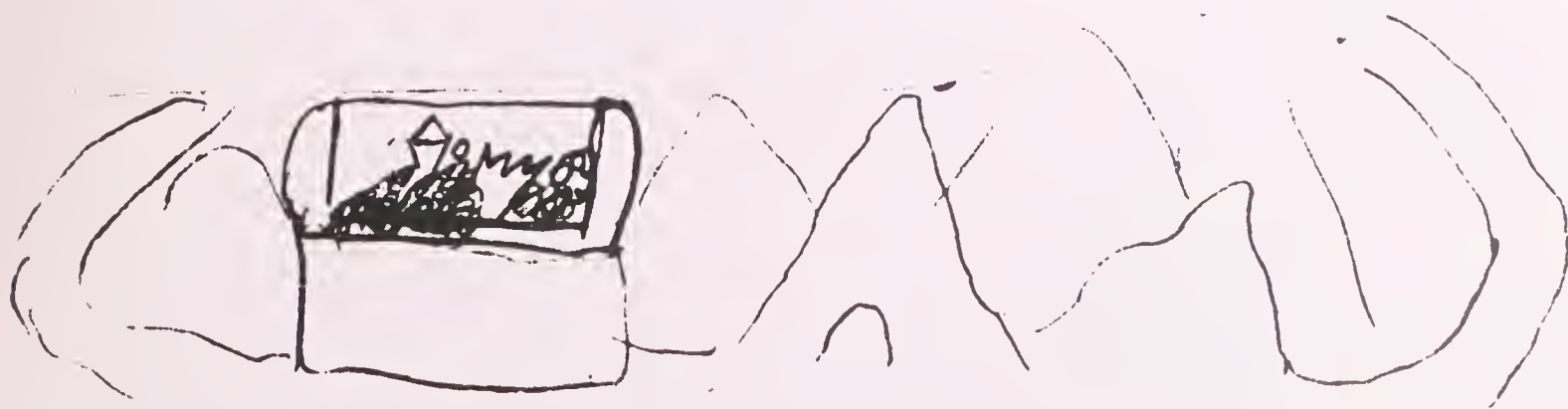
CHEST

--Jason Oberlander, 4A

As Patrick and I saw the chest and dug it out, he gasped and tried opening it. It worked! I tried to tell Patrick not to touch the treasure, but it was too late. The kid touched it. It was full of blowfish poison. Patrick fell down and looked like he was dead. A cackling voice from out of the chest and yelled, "You are now haunted for the rest of your life, for you have set me free." I started to run.

The next day I found Patrick leaning over my bed. "Oh no, another ghost." It was really Patrick. The toxin of the blowfish poison wore off in all those years, so when he touched it, he only fell into a deep sleep. I told him what had happened and finally we decided to become pirates so the ghost pirate couldn't haunt us. We built a giant ship and set out.

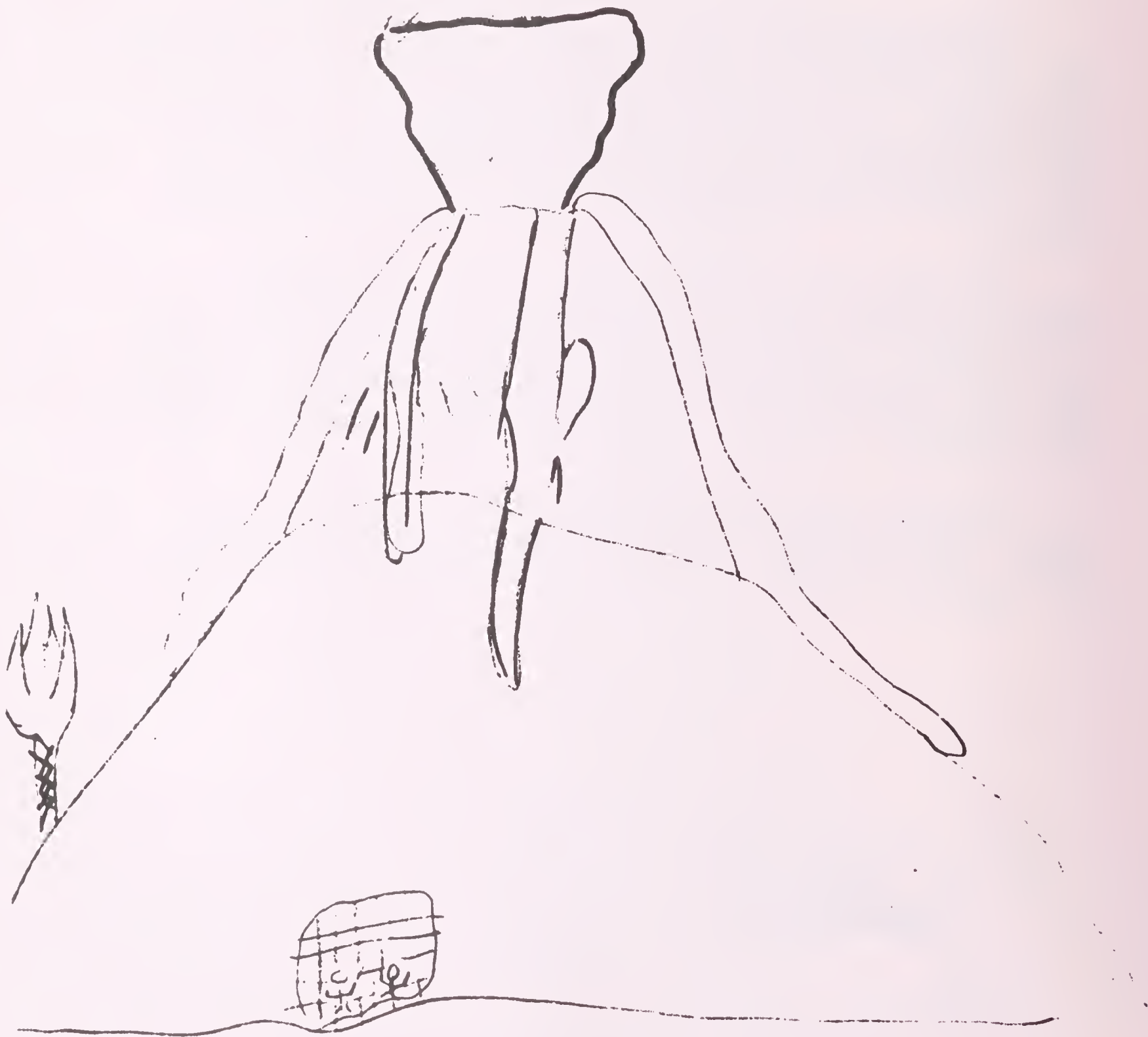
We were very wealthy pirates, for a couple of years, until a giant monster appeared from the water. It was a squid. He destroyed our ship. We escaped in a life boat to a deserted island.



There we made camp and slept there for a couple of years. Every morning we fed these funny little white cats. They were so friendly that they came and played with us.

One day there was a volcano eruption. Patrick, the cats, and I hid in a tinnel in a cave.

A ship called The Jolly Roger came to our island and asked if we wanted to go back home. We refused because the cats needed us and we loved the island so much. So we stayed.



(PART II)

THE CHIEF

One day a fleet of pirates landed on our island. We had a tremendous battle. These people were few, but still Patrick and I only made two, plus the cats. The other pirates were very weak in combat, and we beat them in less than an hour. We took their treasures and their boat and set off once more. This ship was bigger than the last one, and we found slaves locked up in a cellar. We took them out and made them part of our crew.

We went looking for the squid once more for revenge, and soon enough we found it!



We knew this was the same one because of a cut on it. The crew shot arrows and spears and bullets into it. There was blood everywhere. A sperm whale (an enemy who loves tender squid meat) ate it up and swam away, swishing its tail as if saying, "good-bye."

From this day on our ship was the terror of the sea. We became richer and richer and stronger and stronger until one day Patrick died of old age, and we put his body into the ocean for his final rest. This was the saddest day of my life. I could not stand it any longer. As we were coming onto shore, I jumped off the boat, and a shark came and bit my leg off. I swam away frantically and settled down. For the next few years, I walked on crutches.

I'm now going to write a book about my adventures and here it is. I will give it to my son, who will pass it to his son until pirates are only a legend. Then he can publish the book and be safe. No one will go after him and try to kill him. Anyway, it looks like this is

T H E

E N D.

Jason Oberlander (4A)

What Makes a Good Friend?

I'll tell you what makes a good friend. A good friend is not someone who looks good on the outside, but on the inside. A real friend is someone you can trust. You can't count someone as a friend unless you can trust him. Another good point for a friend is his humour. Usually a friend is good humoured. Of course, you've got to look for that attitude. Most of all, a friend shares his things.

Sometimes you want a friend who is calm, quiet, and doesn't cry a lot. Or, you might like someone who is big, strong, not too smart, and funny. I can tell you, I've had a lot of friends...an...er...if you can call them friends. One of them is a crybaby, thinks he's the best, a show-off, a tattletale, a wimp, and will say you're a friend one day and an enemy the next.

Just remember, it's the inside that counts and not the outside.

Time Pirates

--Roger Bruneau, 4A

It was early in the morning on the Spanish galleon Matador in 1816. Suddenly machine-gun fire racked the boat. Everyone on board was killed, and a modern ship with mounted machine guns and rocket launchers came by it. A man with a black mask and a visor stepped on board. His name was Captain Smith of the U. S. Army. In 1985 he had stolen a large warship and used a stolen device to teleport himself to the 18th century. He and his pirates had raided shipping for a few weeks and got a lot of gold. After he finished looting the Matador, he burned it so no trace of it would be found. He sailed on, then came to a large town on a island by Cuba. He entered the town with all his men, except a few whom he left on board. After, he easily took it over. He brought on a few tanks, missile launchers, and modern machine guns. He turned that town into a large modern military base by recruiting new men and going back to his time and stealing more things like helicopters, tanks, more guns, and submarines. He controlled the shipping from all of Cuba and Spain.

He attacked other ships and cities with his ship, his submarines, and his helicopters. He became a very rich man and then he married but died from being shot. His cities crumbled and his submarines, tanks, and helicopters were all destroyed. But no one knows what happened to the guns, gold and other expensive things he stole until recently when a giant underground room was found. It had gold, diamonds, wine, expensive paintings, guns, and a book telling about his adventures. That was such a weird story that it was added to the Seven Wonders of the World.

Pirate Island Adventure

--Alexander Lyons, 4A

One hot summer day on the newly bought island, Alec and Jon were making a sand castle when suddenly Alec jumped up in surprise. There in the sand was a big chest. "Jon, look!" cried Alec.

Jon looked. He didn't believe his eyes. "A treasure chest! Wow!" cried Jon.

"I wonder what's inside it," said Alec.

"Let's take a look," said Jon. The boys tried to open it, but it was stuck. "We're going to have to break it open," said Jon.

"Let's not tell Mom or Dad and surprise them after we open it," said Alec.

"Good idea!" replied Jon. The boys picked it up and started for the house. On the way, they started to talk about the chest. "I wonder how it got there?" asked Jon.

"Don't ask me," answered Alec.

"I hope we'll get it open," said Jon.

"We probably will," replied Alec. "Do you think there's something we don't know about the island?"

"You mean the pirates who left the chest here?" asked Jon.

"Yeah," Alec answered.

When the boys got to their house, they quickly carried the chest up to Jon's room. When they got to Jon's room, they quickly put the chest on the floor. "I'll go and get some tools," said Alec.

"Okay. In the meantime I'll try to find a way to open it," said Jon. In a few minutes Alec was back with a saw, hammer, chisel, and a pair of pliers, and Jon had figured out a way to open the chest. The two boys started to work. Suddenly, after about ten minutes of hard work, Alec yelled, "Jon! I think I've done it!"

Jon looked; there was a big hole right where Alec was working. "Gosh!" cried Jon, "that hole's big enough for me to put both hands through."

Jon put his hand in the hole. Suddenly, he jerked his hands out of the hole. "What's wrong?" asked Alec.

"There's something in there that feels like bones!" cried Jon. The boys' thoughts were exactly the same: A PIRATE!!!! The boys quickly picked up the chest and ran to the beach. When they got there, they threw it in the sea. Then they started back for the house. When they got there, they went straight up to Alec's room (because he had a perfect view from his window). When they looked out of the window, both boys were stunned. They were looking straight at a moving shadow. They screamed (AAAH!!!!) and both boys passed out.

Suddenly Alec woke up. His parents were sitting on the side of his bed looking very worried.

"What's going on? How did I get here? Where's Jon?" he asked.

Jon's O.K., and you're in bed. The doctor came. He said that you're all right, but Jon's got a twisted ankle. What we want to know is what's going on around here?" asked his mother and father.

Alec told them the whole story from when they'd found the chest till they saw the shadow. His parents thought a bit. Then Alec's father said, "That was no ghost's shadow. That was me."

"Really?" cried Alec.

"Really," answered his father.

Observing Nature Near My Home

--Serge Mostowy, 6A

Observing nature near my home can be really fascinating. All it needs is patience. A mini nature report around my house is that it is sometimes beautiful and sometimes ugly. There is dying and being born. Nature keeps balance; even so, sometimes the killing seems cruel. When you watch a bird eating an insect, it is survival for the bird, and it helps to keep the insect from taking over. It prevents a tarantula invasion.

Every spring young birds crash into our window. Evil cats come along and try to attack the poor victims. I watch the fight between the good and evil. The bird is struggling to survive because it is handicapped. Nature seems unfair. I have to interfere with nature's way. I rush right up to the evil cat. The cat frowns and walks away defeated. I take the bird very softly in my hand and put it in a box in the dark to recover. The birds can recover from concussions. I watch as they slowly become conscious. Later I take them outside and free them into nature. The birds fly towards the sky. Probably nature taught them all about windows. I feel like God for a moment.

Growing Up

--Robbie Johnston, 6A

Most adults think that life as a child is a bed of roses. Ha! We have our problems, too, especially as teenagers.

One morning, business as usual, you go to brush your teeth. All of a sudden, aaaaagh! Zits!! Quickly, You rush into your mother's bathroom and put gobs and gobs of Zit-Zap formula on your facial acne.

Later, at school, the guy that sits next to you in French class starts giggling. You think, "Thou shalt not kill." The teacher hears him and demands to know what is so funny. Oh, no! He stands up and in a burst of laughter, he tells the teacher. Suddenly the whole class erupts in laughter. You sink back in your chair. How humiliating!

On the way home, that guy who sits next to you in French class comes over to apologize. "Hey, I'm sorry about what happened, but when you see a guy like you with such floppy ears and gobs of Zit-Zap formula, it's like someone started tickling you." You run home as fast as you can and run upstairs to your room, pacing, wondering. You rush to your mother's bathroom, grab your father's razor, about to slit your wrists, when all of a sudden, "Dinner!" is heard throughout the house. What luck! The only thing that could have interrupted suicide! What a drag!

At the dinner table your father asks, "What happened at school?"

You refuse to answer and your father gets really mad. "Answer me!" he barks. When you finally mutter, "Nithing," he remarks that you could have said that before. You tell him about what happened and now HE starts giggling. You race upstairs, lock yourself in your room, and you're grounded for a month.

A Thrilling Sight

--Paul Guinness, 7B

As I sit about half a mile away on a grassy slope, I watch the majestic, gleaming hull of the Columbus resting in its launching pad like a raven in its nest. Suddenly flames burst out beneath the rocket. Blue, red, and yellow flames, reaching out, engulfing the rocket in its heat. Then slowly the rocket rises and picking up speed, it shoots up into the air, heading towards the distant pinprick of light, which is the moon.

The scene changes, and I will describe the following events from a resting place on the hull of the rocket. Boosting the rocket high into the atmosphere, the first section of the rocket falls off, drifting back, picking up speed, and plunging into the Pacific Ocean, like an eagle diving towards its prey on the ground. This procedure is repeated two more times until only the space ship is left, heading towards the moon at an extraordinary speed. It may never reach the moon, for it may never intend to go there, but begin orbiting the earth on a scientific mission. In any case, I will now leave the hull of the Columbia and return to the earth, which bears a resemblance to a coloured marble from outer space.

Explosion

--Nicholas Aspinall, 7B

"Oww!" I cried. "Remember, I don't have a glove." I had grown extremely tired of Lee whipping his tennis ball at me at twenty miles an hour and expecting me to catch it. The palm of my hand looked like a beet and stung like a mosquito bite on a bee sting.

"Had enough, eh, Nick," chuckled Lee.

"You bet, and I'm hungry. Let's go to my place for lunch," I said.

As we rounded the corner of de Maisonneuve and Metcalfe Avenue, we heard a deafening explosion like the sudden roar of a dinosaur. Lee and I rushed back to the scene where we had played just minutes before. When we arrived, I gasped, "I thought Hiroshima was bad!"

The twisted and shattered wreck of the car looked like someone who was twisting in pain and suddenly frozen. "What the heck happened here?" cried Lee.

The police were already on the scene; they told us a bomb had gone off in that car as they shuffled us back. I looked at the scene. The windows of houses half a block down were shattered. The houses nearer to the blast were blackened and looked like the bomb had gone off in them. Lee and I were as frightened as mice in a rattlesnake convention. I don't think that section of Melville was every the same again. My mom had a fit when we told her about it. Later we found out it was an underworld execution.

Lee said, with a sigh of relief, "I never thought being hungry would save my life."

Friends Everlasting

--Jean-Paul Kovalik, 7A

Sam and Nick were the best of friends. They grew up together in the same town. It was as if they were twins, since one was never seen without the other. Their favourite passtime was playing practical jokes on each other. However, they found that small town life was boring. So, after high school graduation, they decided to join the navy together.

They soon found navy life exuberant. Basic training lasted one year, throughout which they performed many antics. After basic training, they were assigned to the USS Longbeach. A few weeks after boarding the ship, all crew members had to practise emergency life-saving drills. Nick was assigned the duty of stationing a lifeboat two hundred yards off the ship. Sam thought it would be funny if he crossed two wires in the motor of Nick's boat. This, he thought, would stall the boat and make Nick look like a fool. It was to be Sam's best joke ever.

The day of the drill, Nick stationed his boat two hundred yards off the ship. Sam was watching intently, waiting for Nick to start the boat. At the end of the drill, Nick tried to return to the ship, but the motor wouldn't start. After many efforts, the motor still would not start. By this time, half the crew members on the ship were watching Nick. Frustrated, Nick gave one last try. The motor gave out a large spark that ignited the boat. Before Nick could escape the flames, the boat exploded. Sam had played one joke too many.

Shaken by the supposed accident, Sam ran down to his room. As he stared at Nick's empty bunk, he began to cry. When Sam finally looked up, he saw faint outlines of Nick's body. Terrified of Nick's revenge, Sam ran up on deck. For the next year, Sam was continually haunted by Nick's ghost.

One night while Sam was staying in a motel, Nick's ghost once again visited him. Frustrated and having nowhere to go, Sam finally told the ghost that if he wanted to seek revenge, he should do so now. The ghost shook his head and pointed to a night-table. Slowly the drawer opened and a piece of paper floated out. It flew around the room and then landed in Sam's hands. Written on the paper were the words, "I forgive you." As Sam looked up, the ghost faded away.

The Joys of Mountain Climbing

--Blake Ferger, 7C

I know what the joys of mountain climbing are. I set off from the base with a backpack and a walking stick and feel the breeze flowing past my shoulder. My friends and I feel joyful

and excited at the prospect of an adventure. During the climb up, we view dramatic sights, and the whole countryside stretches out beneath our feet. Once we reach the summit, we rush to find the official marker and each one of us tries to be the first to reach the top. Then we all stretch out and have a relaxed and delicious lunch in the brilliant sunshine. Ham, cheese and beef sandwiches are munched appreciatively and are followed by crispy carrot sticks, juicy apples and granola bars. These are all washed down by refreshing drinks. After lunch, we enjoy an easy walk to the base of the mountain, provided that we pick the right trail. Throughout the trip, we discover animals and spectacular sights, such as deer and foxes, waterfalls and caves. These are some of the joys of climbing.

A Crowd at the Beach

--Blake Ferger, 7C

I was drowsing on Wrightsville Beach under the sun when a soaking dog made up its mind to give me a free shower, no tickets required. Since I could not get back to sleep, I sat up and observed the scene around me. I saw fat people, thin people, tall people; short people; children with shells, parents with booze, and babies wearing little snug bonnets with cords tied up under their chins to keep off the sun. But people are the only features of a crowd at the beach. I must not forget suntan lotion, umbrellas, towels, radios and sunglasses. One half of the crowd is stationary. What do they do? The majority of them tan and sleep, slimy with suntan lotion. Others fish, and their lines are hazards to the beachcombers, who walk up and down the length of the beach collecting shells, stones and driftwood. Now to complete the scene, imagine dogs chasing after frisbees thrown by their masters, stepping on suntanners and sleepers, turning over baby carriages and running into children laden with shells. Then add the swimming, jostling, running and shrieking of the non-stationary half of the crowd, plus the odd sailboat or two tipping over or running aground, and what do you get? Pandemonium, otherwise known as a crowd at Wrightsville Beach.

The Tavern

---Patrick Birks, 7A

It was a dark, dismal, gloomy night, in the year 1789, and there was not a tavern or house in sight for a few miles for all I knew. I was sixteen, and had to deliver an important supply of food to a town in Charlestown. My mother had told me to leave in the morning, but I was stubborn and wanted to leave at night so that I could get to the town earlier, and besides, it was a journey of two days, and I wanted to get it out of the way.

The road that I was riding on with my horse and carriage was supposed to be haunted--bewitched. Some men that had gone on that road were never seen again.

I had been gone for an hour, but it felt like days. I was starting to think of what harm might befall me, if I stayed on this road. I was a stranger here and now afraid. I heard a noise which frightened me, since I was thinking of what harm might befall me. I tried to figure out what had made the noise, to keep me at ease. But after I heard a howl, I panicked.

I pushed my horse to his limit, until finally, when I thought all my hopes were up of living, I saw a light and later found out it was a tavern. I was so happy to think that I would see civilization again. As I got out of my carriage and went into the tavern, I noticed that the people inside were not facing me. All I could see was their hair and their backs.

Suddenly one of them turned around! To my horror, their faces were totally deformed, and their faces were as pale as snow. And those teeth were like fangs, long and pointy. Right away I knew what had happened to the other people. Suddenly I dashed for my horse and took off, never looking or pausing, until I reached the next town. I informed the police, who went to investigate the tavern in the morning. The police said that the tavern had been boarded up and that no one had been in it for twenty years. After a while, I thought that I would drop the case, and that maybe I had been dreaming, until five minutes after the police left, I found a stain on my shirt, which was from beer!

I knew that all my life I had never drunk beer, and we never kept any at home. I recalled seeing one of the people in the tavern with a beer who dropped it when he saw me. I thought about it, but decided it was impossible.

The Lonely Station

--David Moroz, 8A

No trains stop there any more; the old station seems to have become only one more feature of the landscape. From a distance, its moss-covered walls and roof are hardly distinguishable. The old tracks leading away from it are out of use, as there is a faster way through the mountain cut now. The strange looking building leans slightly inward toward the tracks, which are now covered by wild raspberry bushes. On the north side of the station, stands a wet pile of autumn leaves. The double door which was once used hundreds of times daily, now hangs loosely on its hinges, swinging and squeaking when the occasional gust of wind blows up. The dirty windows are broken, and glass is scattered inside and out. Inside strange tracks of mud mark the trail of the occupants from the animal world. No human goes there, except the occasional hobo who seeks shelter from a storm. The smell of mold and decay is strong inside, enough to drive even the least sensitive nose away. To walk through the door into the darkness gives you a feeling of insecurity, which doesn't let go, no matter how long you stay. Dust lies thick throughout the inside. The air

too, is thick, so thick it can almost get caught in your throat. As you walk deeper into the gloomy, semi-darkness, it seems as though the floor boards are loosening. They creak as you walk on them. As you walk out of the old station, you feel as though you were walking into a whole new world, one that is alive!

The Midnight Prowler

--Carl Brabander, 8B

Another Saturday night. That means that Lenny has the house all to himself because his parents are at "the club." There Mr. and Mrs. Howard have a "fun" time playing bingo and socializing between games.

Purely out of boredom, Lenny is watching the "Benny Hill Show." As soon as there is a part when Benny Hill starts to sing, Lenny turns the tube off and calls his friend, but he's out. All his friends are out, probably partying. The falling snow outside seems to make the old house seem damper and bigger. If only one of his friends were home

Lenny decides to go up to his room--that is, the room that used to belong to one of his five brothers and sisters. He couldn't quite remember which. He has a bit of trouble getting to his room because none of the lights work, except for one which has such a bad switch that Lenny has to tap it carefully until the light goes on. It's not that the lights don't work at all; it's just that Lenny can't be bothered changing the bulbs. Lenny isn't stupid; he's just a little absent-minded.

Lenny's room is on the third and top floor. He has the whole level to himself, since all of his brothers and sisters are either at university far away or have already found their own apartments. Either his mother doesn't know that the level exists or she never cleans up there because it is so messy. In some places, the plaster on the walls is decaying because of a leak in the roof.

Lenny taps on the switch until the overhead light flickers on. He makes his way over to his Radio Shack Model 100 TRS-Colour Computer and inserts the "Canyon Climber" cartridge, the only game he has for his computer, apart from "Minos and Minotaur" which only his cousin knows how to use. There Lenny sits, in his mauve swivel chair, grasping the joystick for dear life, the television screen lighting up the features of his face: his brown "let-it-be" hairstyle, his brown eyes, his small nose, and his tortoiseshell glasses.

In an outburst of rage upon falling down the canyon, Lenny kicks the plug for the computer by mistake. Swearing, Lenny makes his way to the bathroom, but stops. He hears a noise--a squirrel perhaps, but the noise is too loud for a squirrle. It is something louder, something bigger--an intruder!

Lenny hastily brushes his teeth, then hops into bed, causing the light to flicker and then go out.

* * * * *

"Do you think we should call Leonard to see how he's doing, dear?" suggests Mrs. Howard.

"Who? Oh, him. Nah. I'm sure he's okay. Besides, they're about to start a game of bridge, and I do want to be dealt in!" replies Mr. Howard. Mrs. Howard, with her beehive hair-do and her extra-thick make-up, and Mr. Howard with his obvious toupée and his bow-tie, head off to meet some acquaintances in the bridge room.

* * * * *

Since Lenny has forgotten to shut the basement door, the midnight prowler finds it easy to get into the kitchen. Getting a little hot under the collar, the prowler stops at the top of the basement stairs and surveys the situation. He scratches behind his ear, then continues on his trek, his hairy face concealing any thoughts that may lurk inside.

* * * * *

After having lost his third rubber, Mr. Howard walks away, sulking, from the bridge table and over to where his wife is playing bingo. She has been more successful than he, winning fifty dollars, which she puts in the petty change pouch of her purse. "Should we ring up Leonard to see how he's doing?" asks Mrs. Howard.

"Why not? I've got nothing else to do, since I've lost five hundred dollars at bridge!" is his reply.

"Oh well, you win some, and you lose some!" rationalizes Mrs. Howard.

"You're right. Let's go call the boy." They insert a quarter and dial.

* * * * *

The shrill sound of the telephone causes the prowler to stop in his tracks and long for a drink to calm his nerves. After three rings, the telephone-answering machine greets the caller with a short message. From the speaker, the prowler listens intently to the vital information.

"Hello." the machine says. "We are unable to answer your call right now, but if you leave your name, telephone number, and the purpose of your call, we will get back to you as soon as possible." Beeeeeeeep! Clickety-click. Silence.

The prowler tilts his head at these disturbing sounds. Then the machine rewinds the tape and turns itself off, and the Howard household is once again the lurking ground of the prowler, who is exploring the second floor with canine curiosity, searching, sniffing, scrutinizing.

Lenny lies still in his bed, listening intently as the sounds get closer and closer. He tip-toes to the closet and rummages around for what seems an eternity for his baseball bat. Lenny seeks refuge behind his open bedroom door and awaits the unsuspecting prowler.

The prowler finds the base of the stairs to the third floor and begins his ascent. Sweat is forming on Lenny's forehead as he tightens his grip on the baseball bat. The prowler has made his way up the stairs and is lurking around, working his way over to Lenny's room. In his panic, Lenny makes out a short, stubby form, panting audibly from the steep ascent.

The baseball bat comes down, striking the floor just in front of the prowler and causing the overhead light to flicker and then stay on, to reveal a distraught Golden Retriever in the doorway. Lenny lets out a sigh of relief and kneels down to embrace his faithful friend, who has by now recovered from his close call and regained normal breathing.

Lenny has never before been so happy to see his dog. He promises himself that he will change all the light bulbs upstairs in the morning--if he remembers.

Goaltender

--David Winn, 8A

For him to trip over the blue line would be a stroke of luck.
But you don't think about that kind of thin;
You mind's on the puck.

For an instant there's a flash in your mind:
If only he'd flyiinto the net
And leave the puck far behind.

You look up to see him. You can see his face.
You know he can play
With the utmost of grace.

You fix your eyes on the puck once again
And say to yourself,
"I can't let this in."

As he crosses the red line, you become very shaky,
For the boy who once was there is no longer
And in his place the great Gretzky.

As you snap out of your hallucination,
 He has just crossed the blue line:
 You will need a very fast reaction.

With the defence far behind, the feeling is bad.
 You've dug up all your concentration.
 You're almost going mad.

He lets the shot go. It whistles through the air.
 Not a moment to lose,
 You've got to prepare.

It's a shot from the left.
 You're in your stance.
 You'll have to be swift.

You're quick to react. Your glove hand shoots up.
 You think you have it.
 You have the puck.

You stopped the puck. You saved the game.
 It was so much fun
 You want to do it all over again.

O, Ye Warriors of Ancient Times

--John Miller, 8B

Where are ye, warriors of ancient times,
 You brave young lads of yesteryear
 Who fought in battles to protect from
 destruction and crime?
 Come forth, brave men, and accept a cheer.

Young men of now, confess your crime.
 Your chances of going to battle are now slim.
 Compare yourselves to gladiators of ancient times,
 And now bear the heavy sin.

The fear of battle, the loss of lives--
 these are the worries of the old war band.
 The love of money, the fear of knives--
 these are the concerns of the modern man.

The man of now, the man of old age--
 these two things cannot be sought.
 Both are young, both are brave,
 but different morals both have been taught.

Hunter, Hunted

--Jared Tobman, 8C

The twigs crinkle willingly under his feet.
The leaves bow out of his path in fear
Of being killed the way others are.
The hunter stalks his prey in full gear.

The rifle is cocked, the cope unleashed,
Squinting eyes hidden by camouflage wear.
The wind whistles through the dense forest;
The hunter senses his prey is near.

The breeze flows east like a steady river.
The great tiger will strike the lone deer
At which the hunter glares unblinking,
Knowing that the time is near.

The beauty and stealthiness of the animal,
A quest of the wild for the wild,
Relentless searching has led here:
The cubs he will orphan, and his own child.

The hunter is oblivious to the change in the wind.
Hidden in the brush, his thoughts drift homeward:
The African trophy hanging in the study.
A scent carries the wind westward.

The brush moves ever so slightly.
Two black gleaming eyes peek through the leaves.
The hunter realizes too late the change of winds.
His hands begin to tremble; sweat drenches his sleeves.

And then the hunter becomes the hunted.

The Wings of Man

--Ben Duffield, 8B

The youths of Athens thread their way
From the Labyrinth's winding maze.
King Minos found Daedalus to blame,
Trapped father and son there to end their days.

So intricate was the design,
Neither he nor Icarus could find the way.
But Daedalus knew the sky was free,
So fashioned wings for them to flee.

They took to the air with gulls' feathers
 Bound together with wax of bees.
 As the sun beat down upon their backs,
 They propelled their flight over Cretan seas.

Heedless of his father's warnings,
 Icarus flew up to meet the sun.
 The wax let go the feathers in the heat,
 And Icarus plunged into the seas of Crete.

For a Girl Who Became Queen Too Young

--Jared MacSween, 8B

A very young Queen and an elderly Emperor,
 Pupil and teacher became.
 Cleopatra followed closely Caesar's footsteps
 And from his teachings did reign.

After winning a battle in Egypt,
 Fortifying his Empire of Rome,
 Caesar promised to send Cleopatra a husband
 And then set sail for home.

Caesar sent a man to Cleopatra, years later.
 Mark Antony was his name, and a lover true.
 Yet married he was to a woman in Rome,
 And of his affair with Cleopatra the world knew.

Their passion grew with the days until
 Antony lost a battle and upon his sword was flung.
 Suicide was the only answer to such a heartbreak
 For a girl who became Queen too young.

A Simple Touch

--Michael Wexler, 8B

She could brighten up the world with a small and simple touch.
 She could change people's moods and do it just like such.
 Her little magic finger could take sadness from men's hearts
 And replenish them with hope in all their human parts.
 Whenever she saw someone feeling sad and down,
 All to do was touch them, to turn their feelings 'round.

Once during battle, when the army was losing men,
 No end to their suffering was visible to any of them.
 All she had to do was use her little gem
 To bring hope and pride back into their hearts again.

The soldiers were out-numbered twenty-six to ten,
 But there was hope in the hearts of every one of them.
 Suddenly a chicken began to chase a hen,
 Causing a distraction, allowing escape with the gem.

The magic-fingered woman had come to their aid.
 Although the soldiers offered, she said she needn't be paid.
 It was God's gift to her, and as He often said,
 "Use it to serve people, to help their hearts and head."

An hour after the fight
 In the middle of the night,
 She quietly crept away
 To help someone else in dismay.

Her work there had been done,
 And the time now came to run
 Back to her home to rest
 In the comfort of her magic nest.

The Himalayas

--Paul Boubli, 9C

To view them is majestic, I am told:
 Their power, symbols of eternal might,
 Since times foregone, a venerable sight--
 Indeed, so awesome are they to behold,
 Their jagged peaks thrust into bluest sky,
 As though a rocky doormat for a God,
 By countless glorious immortals trod,
 Into the heights, beyond the eagle's eye.

A challenge for those seeking hearty cheer,
 They bring on years of painful, tiresome toil
 All risked on this, so perilous an aim.
 Yet, for all those unsung that came so near,
 These holy guardians of hidden spoil
 Forever have retained their lordly claim.

Sonnet

--Paul-Eric Marko, 9A

"To have and to hold," did it not go such?
 Do I have? Do I hold? Not that I know.
 Perhaps I do but worry overmuch.
 There is always something; thus I will go.
 "For better, for worse," thus is it tolling?
 Little better, much worse. Such is my lot.
 Perhaps I should laugh, always a-gloating,
 At the Hell which I know, which I have bought.
 "Till death do you part," I do so recall.
 Dying, so parting, Love is forever.
 Such is Man's illusion; there is the wall
 Which lies in our path and makes us totter.
 Gods! I would Love: so tender and so sweet.
 But I do but stand, and so I do weep.

THE FOLLOWING SONNET, by David Metcalf, WON FIRST PRIZE
 IN THE JUNIOR DIVISION (for Grades 8 and 9) of THE
 ILLUSTRATED POEM CONTEST FOR 1985.

Spring

--David Metcalf

White wonder on hard lawns, dormant,
 Cool, it falls now in soft flakes, soundless.
 The elm we sheared last fall is branchless,
 Standing old and weak, seeking death's warrant.
 Nests are bare, branches white like thin old fingers,
 Reaching for spring, away from the frost that lingers.
 A new warmth melting away wintered sleep
 Dripping season, the weathered snow shall seep.
 Layers of cold, white drug stunning nature's life
 Quiet slumbered rest, hang the daggers of ice
 Preparing to drop and through the snow slice
 Crack and break open the earth, rend winter's knife
 And in this vision we see a hope:
 To carry on and with new life cope.

Mostly for Effect

--Paul-Eric Marko

Marc Bertrand quickly reloaded his automatic and methodically sprayed the street with machine-gun fire, partly to keep the concealed English soldiers at a safe distance, but mostly for effect. Marc silently pondered his next move while lighting his last cigarette. He was in big trouble, no doubt about it: his unit slaughtered by English soldiers in an ambush, and he ten kilometres away from the safety of his lines in the French quarter of Montreal. Great, he thought.

Marc crouched down for a few minutes in silent thought. Slowly, he got up, shouldered his automatic, took one last drag of his cigarette before grinding it underfoot, and walked down an alley cautiously. A moan startled him, and he quickly turned his gun toward the sound. He moved stealthily toward an inert form next to a garbage heap. He recognized the French uniform the man was wearing and breathed a sigh of relief.

Marc knelt beside his unconscious compatriot and began administering first-aid to the soldier's rather nasty gunshot wounds. This is futile, thought Marc disgustedly. But I must do something. Damn my scruples. Suddenly, the eyes of Marc's patient flickered open. The soldier looked wildly about for an instant before locking on Marc's face. "Why is this happening?" gasped the soldier weakly. "Why are we killing each other?"

"Why not?" replied Marc, not particularly interested in his compatriot's question.

"There must be some reason for this bloodshed," continued the soldier, calming himself a bit. "Humans shouldn't kill each other. We're supposed to be intelligent."

"We kill because we have to," countered Marc, annoyed.

"Why must we? We could call for a truce, have peace talks, anything." The soldier coughed raggedly.

"Isn't possible," snapped Marc.

"Why not?" the soldier calmly queried.

Exasperated, Marc almost screamed, "Because they're English, and we're French, and we can't trust them!"

"Do you know why . . . the war . . . started?" He was having difficulty talking now.

"Because--" Marc paused. "Because we hate them, and they hate us!"

"Why do we . . . ?"

Marc cut him off by grabbing his coat and shaking him. "Shut up, you idiot!" Marc cried out despairingly. "I don't know. I don't know."

The soldier was gasping for air now and coughing up blood, spattering his coat and Marc's hands. Marc stood up quickly and backed away, terrified. He turned and ran down the alley, away from his dying comrade, into another street. A lone English soldier saw him and sprayed his body with bullets. Marc kept on running mindlessly for an instant and then crumpled without a sound. The English soldier walked up to Marc's mangled body and smiled smugly as he searched it for valuables.

He didn't know either.

The Unheard Plea

--Peter Shatilla

The largest of all creatures on this Earth,
Swimming mighty, kings of the global seas--
Persecuted they are, for all their worth.
Our memories float, braving the strong breeze.

These majestic giants making their breach,
Singing joyously their enchanting song
To our hearts do these gentle giants reach.
Still we kill them, though to no one do th ; wrong.

Jonah's devourers, thinking themselves free,
But we invade their private solitude.
Their muted voices echo an unheard plea:
Have mercy. Let not your weapons so crude
Fire our deaths. At your slightest of brief whims,
Death, the water, envelops us, now us dims.

The Contract

--Michael Zenaitis

The alarms had started to ring at the Pentagon. People panicked and raced across the corridors to get to the bunkers. The generals phoned the military bases to confirm the report. It was true! At that moment a nuclear missile was speeding across the Atlantic and heading directly for the heart of Washington, D. C. The President and his advisors were already deciding whether or not to retaliate. They must; there was no choice. The President took the receiver from the red phone and immediately gave the order. The

captain at the other end of the line unlocked a box and pushed a red button. Across the United States ground doors opened and the tips of missiles poked through the surface and quickly shot toward their targets.

In downtown Washington sirens blared. It was the blare that everyone feared, for they had been warned many times what it signified. People swarmed into the streets and sought the nearest underground shelters. Hundreds were trampled to death. They were the lucky ones, for they would not suffer the unbearable pain which was to follow. Already the country's V.I.P.'s were being swept away in army jeeps toward the bunkers where they would have to live for months.

The missile was already over the coast of Maine; its tip was hot from air friction and soon to be much, much hotter. It sped over the land, across the New England states toward Maryland, then to its final target, Washington. The Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, and the White House--all these landmarks were to disappear, vanish into nothingness, within five seconds. Panic was in everyone's eyes! They knew the final moment was drawing closer, and many began to realize that there was no escape. Some wept, some prayed, most had stopped running and merely waited in silence.

Suddenly a flash brighter than a thousand suns lit up the sky, and all who saw it had to pay a price. They felt a tingling sensation in their eyes, and instantly, all light became darkness. Buildings which had been standing a few moments before were gone and the people inside them were reduced to dust. A grey cloud was slowly forming and rising ominously above the city. The pressure wave which came from the blast caused houses miles away to be blown up into fragments of wood, brick, and stone. In the suburbs there were scenes of total destruction. Bodies were lying on the streets, their flesh melted from their bones.

The same fate was suffered by Los Angeles, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia. In the U.S.S.R. cities such as Moscow, Baku, Donetsk, Kazan, Kiev, Leningrad, and Minsk were reduced to rubble by the retaliatory missiles. World War III had begun and ended!

It was now three months later. The heads of state of the United States and the U.S.S.R., having been airlifted from the bunkers in which they had been secluded, arrived at Lausanne, Switzerland. When they disembarked, the weather was very cold, for a nuclear winter had begun. The enmity between the presidents was even more frigid because each blamed the other for the annihilation of one-quarter of the world's population.

They held a private meeting the next day. "Mr. Mondale, all that you did proved that you wanted nuclear war. You doubled the number of missiles in the United States alone, not to mention those that you deployed in Europe. Because you did this, we were forced to do the same."

"Mr. Gorbachov, I find that it is rather to the contrary. You have been increasing your arsenal on land and in the sea. You have increased the number of your submarines from 300 to 700. You have increased your tanks threefold. If this is not an incentive to war, then I ask you, what is?"

"It is this American and capitalist attitude which I will never understand. You say that we build our arsenal, and yet you were the ones who forced us to arm ourselves. Why is it that whenever we try to talk about peace, you Americans talk about war?" Gorbachov was agitated. His wavy white hair had fallen over his face, and his breathing was heavy and rapid. His features reflected the tension of the moment.

Meanwhile Mondale was calm and not angry at all. He replied, "President Gorbachov, if you cannot control yourself, perhaps we should terminate this meeting."

"Yes! That is just what we should do!" With that, he rose from his chair and called to his aides in Russian, "Come. If these Americans cannot bargain in good faith, then we will leave."

He marched in the direction of the doors. Suddenly, a man charged into the room, brandishing a gun. Everyone froze and stood silent. He was neatly dressed in a grey pinstriped suit. His features were hard, and he seemed nervous. He had black, wavy hair and piercing eyes. He shouted, "Nobody move! This short speech will be directed towards the two presidents present in this room." The man had a strong French accent, but his English was excellent. "Presidents Gorbachov and Mondale, I would like to introduce myself. My name is Jean Barthot. I was born in Lyon. I am 27 years old, and I sell guns in my own store. I have come to see you today to talk about nuclear war. My relatives who lived in New York were killed by one of your blasts. What is the point of all this carnage, bon Dieu? We have elected you to rule as we wish. Instead, you have abused your power and have ruled as you wished. You have wasted our money on bombs which could destroy the world fifty times. How many times do you intend to destroy our world, I ask you, bon Dieu?"

There was a pause.

"Answer!" he shouted. Everybody's heart jumped. The two presidents remained silent. "I'll answer for you!" Barthot shouted. "Only once. You are two grown men, bon Dieu, and yet you are like children fighting over toys. You fought for nothing because nobody has won."

He paused, as if to let the statement sink into their thoughts. Barthot was now so agitated that his hand holding the gun began to tremble. "I would like the two presidents to approach." They did, but in a careful and slow manner. Barthot spoke as he took out a piece of paper. "On this piece of paper, Mr. Mondale, you will write what I dictate." Mondale found a pen and sat down at a table. Barthot started to dictate.

"We, the presidents of the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, have agreed to dismantle and destroy all nuclear armaments, whether on land, sea, or air. We have agreed to this plan and shall abide by it. This document shall be valid for all our successors in the presidencies and for as long as the Earth exists."

He paused and called on the men. "You will now sign this paper after which you will be free to leave. But first I would like two Russian and two American aides to come and sign this contract as witnesses." Four men advanced and each in turn signed the paper under the watchful eye of Barthot. Then Gorbachov and Mondale signed. Both presidents knew that the signing was legally meaningless, but they were conscious that Barthot had forced upon them a moral contract.

Barthot smiled and lowered his gun.

The following poem, by Mark Csabrajetz, won FIRST PRIZE in the 1985 ILLUSTRATED POEM CONTEST.

To Cyndi Lauper: Destination Reached

--Mark Csabrajetz, 10B

screaming for attention you travelled incognito
bopped from lead to platinum
weighted by metallic chains
with van Gogh imprints on your soles
arriving with calculated guile

bedecked in Junk shop finery
you took an egg beater to bottle red hair
clutched then caressed the microphone
played the uncloned gypsy raunchy sweet
enticed with your spirit and soul

squawking like a jungle parrot
belting out a rock and roll love song
sprawling prostrate across the stage
you played your audience
like a twelve string ukulele

if girls just want to have fun
you glitzy princess point the way
life is a creative carnival
an open house celebration
what could be more positive than that

Kyla was a prisoner. He did not know this at the time, but he was. Kyla had no parents that he knew of. He did not even have a real last name, unless one calls 938A775XXX a real name. He was raised by the State, and all Kyla knew about himself, apart from his name and that he was supposedly nineteen years old, was what he saw in his mirror: A tall wellbuilt frame, long, delicate fingers suited for a surgeon, legs that loomed short in comparison with the rest of his body, drawing that appearance from the bulging muscles that had been developed systematically from the day he first walked; the arms that held his ever-moving hands were similarly muscled. His slightly triangular face contained deep grey eyes, a small nose was almost drowned in a large smiling mouth, which contracted tightly whenever he felt angered or threatened. A long tousled, blonde rug, never touched by a comb, and his only "defect," a bulging forehead.

It was this "defect" which had caused him to become a state "orphan." When he had been born, his parents had noticed in him a genius like intelligence, for, months before other children, he had taught himself to read. A month later he had learned elementary addition, subtraction, division, and multiplication and was learning the Pythagorean theorem.

The State was no fool. It knew intellectuals were radicals. They had learned this from bitter experience over the last three hundred years. Quietly, and with minimal fuss, Kyla's parents were liquidated, and he was placed in the State home. Through intensified training and propaganda, they hoped to harness his genius for themselves. There had been dozens like him since the foundation of the State three hundred years before. All had achieved a greatness worth the effort; there was Cherenkow and his space drive; Hartley and Adamson with the atomic shield; Yamashi and his neutrino-transporter, revolutionizing the world and making teleportation possible; Richmann with his virus killer "Zeta B"; the list went on. All these geni, after a State rearing, had been complacent and willing to work for the benefit of the State. They felt sure Kyla would be just like the others. They were wrong.

The first step was taken when, in a fit of anger, one of Kyla's fellow 'orphans' threw an ashtray at Kyla. For some reason, Kyla thought very hard, "Oh God, Stop!" The ashtray stopped. It just hung there in mid-air. Kyla thought "Fall!" It fell. The others who had gathered around to see the fight stared and then fled. The aggressor shot a frightened glance at Kyla, who was standing there, arms crossed, waiting for something to happen. He looked at the ashtray and turned back to Kyla. His mouth fell open. He started to say something but stuttered with fear. Kyla smiled at him. His eyes opened wide; then he, too, spun around and fled the room.

From that day on, the others did not speak to him much and shunned his presence. He turned his thoughts inward and discovered he could "see" his brain working and could order it to do things. Daily, his powers grew. At first they were limited to basic things such as teleportation and telekinesis. He was careful never to be seen doing these things, as he realized that it could put him in great danger from the masters of the house he lived in. Then he discovered that he could leave his body behind him and wander without it. One day he realized that if he had such a "spirit" then others must, too, albeit weaker ones, as they could not detach themselves from the body without the body dying.

Immediately, he left his body in search of these trapped souls. He found his aggressor, the one who had thrown the ashtray, and, to his joy, he perceived a spirit such as the one he had imagined. "Come to me brother," he cried.

The other, startled looked around, found him and replied, "I will come." It stepped towards Kyla. As it left its body, a terrifying scream was emitted from the mouth of the body, and it collapsed, dead. The spirit stared at Kyla's spirit and then faded away into nothingness. Horrified, Kyla teleported into his body and then went to his room and forced himself to sleep, shuddering and shaking as he did so.

The next day, he resolved to leave his "home." Going to see the manager, he explained that he just had to leave. When the manager said no, he grew violent. The manager called in two guards. Kyla pulled their spirits out, killing them; then he started to run through the building. Soon all the guards were running after him. Then all the other orphans joined in. Some-one started to chant "Murderer," and the crowd all started to chant it. "Murderer." Fear grew in Kyla's mind. He felt as if he would burst.

Finally he shouted, "Go away!" and they did. Every single spirit was blown out of its body by the force of his command, and in that instant, everybody in the building died. "Oh, my God!" thought Kyla as he slumped against a wall and ran his fingers through his hair. "What have I done?"

He tried to teleport and found he couldn't. He tried to sense other minds, but he reached nothing. "At least some of my powers work," he thought. Then "Oh, no! I've killed everybody." It was true. When he tried to sense another person, he could not. He wondered if he could still spirit walk and found that his spirit could leave his body. He tried it and then realized, too late, that his body would die if he did. His last thoughts were, "At least I can die."

No Escape

--Andrew Duffield, 10A

Rust skulls unearthed from depths of time,
Dead images commanding Nature's green.
What faces have these unseeing stares known,
Forever trapped within the empty dome?

Red tongues of fire summon spirits of dead.
Breath life into the beast's black shell.
What means this dumb image with horn of cow,
What underworld will fill its emptiness?

Black skeleton of military might,
What cry of battle is extinguished here?
What holy war marched by and
Left its rusted shell upon the sand?

Past strife arrested and all passion spent,
Yet leaves its clamor on the desert air.
Times bygone mark faintly our experienced Earth,
But images remain to shape our lives.

BENCH WARMER (The Story of Albert, Canadian Tire's Hockey Hero)

David Kaufman - 10B

Everyone, no doubt, has seen the much publicized television commercial for Canadian Tire, starring "Albert". He grows from an unwanted team-mate when young, to a great N.H.L. star, after buying new equipment at Canadian Tire. At the end of the commercial, Albert skates onto the ice with cheers of his name, and the opposing team's coach says, "boy, I sure wish we had a guy like Albert on our team!" Very few people, however, know the full story of Albert Russell, Canadian Tire's hockey hero.

Albert's fame did not come to him overnight, as is depicted in the commercial; he went through more than ten years of frustrating hockey games to become what he is today. He grew up in Simcoe, Ontario, in a house that bordered Lake Simcoe. He had an older brother, Michael, and from the early age of two, Albert admired his five year old brother and tried to copy everything he did. Michael was a very good skater; each winter his parents had shovelled off a large area of the frozen lake, and Michael had learned to skate there.

When Albert turned three, his parents answered his constant pleas and gave him an old pair of Michael's skates. They were much too long for Albert, but a bit of stuffed newspaper in the toe was good enough for him, and off he went onto the lake, determined to become just as good a skater as Michael. Albert stayed outside on the lake most of that winter, indefatigably trying to learn to skate.

At the end of that winter, Albert could stay standing in his skates; indeed, he was very proud of himself, but the next winter Michael started to play hockey. Albert too said he had to learn to play, so when Michael broke a stick, he put some tape on the crack, and gave the stick to Albert. Just as he had the previous winter, Albert spent all of his free time in his mammoth skates with his broken stick, trying to become as good a hockey player as his brother.

Michael often played pick-up hockey with his friends, but Albert was never allowed to play; he was too young they always said to him. Albert was not satisfied, so he went whining to his parents, telling them that he really wanted to play hockey, but his brother and his friends wouldn't let him play. Since it was Albert's father who, whenever it snowed, spent two hours shovelling the snow off the rink, it was his decision who would play and who would not, so when he told Michael and his friends that they would not be allowed to play if Albert didn't play, they reluctantly accepted him on the ice.

Whenever the teams were picked, the last person left standing in the middle of the ice waiting to be picked was Albert. Michael's

friends always said that Albert was his brother, so Albert should have to be on his team. Even though Albert was now in their games, he rarely played. Each team always had seven players so two would always have to sit on a bench on the side of the rink, and at almost any point in the game, Albert would be sitting on the bench freezing, yet ever eager to play. He was a bench-warmer, and no matter how hard he tried not to be, it seemed that this was his destiny.

Over the years, the old skates began to fit Albert, and he still spent hours on end in the rink practicing his game. When Albert was eleven, he pleaded with his parents to buy him some equipment of his own, and, on Christmas day, his parents took him to Canadian Tire and brought him many new things: new skates, a helmet, new socks, shoulder pads, and even a red and white hockey sweater with his name on it.

Albert was very proud of his new equipment, and this proved to be an incentive for him to spend more hours on the ice every day, long after the other boys had left. He became very accepted in the pick-up games and was very often picked second or third. Albert was still not satisfied, though. He wanted to play in the structured league in the village, on a nice indoor rink. His parents enrolled him in the league, and he played in it until he was seventeen, when a scout from Boston College approached him and offered him a hockey scholarship at his school. He said yes right away.

Albert played very well at Boston College, and had aspirations to become a professional hockey player. He continued to work just as hard during practice as he had on the lake in Simcoe, and, as a senior, he was drafted by the Detroit Red Wings and sent to play for their farm club in Hamilton, Ontario, near where Albert had grown up. The friends he had played hockey with in earlier years cheered "Albert! Albert!" everytime he came on the ice.

When he was promoted to the N.H.L., the cheers didn't stop in Detroit. Whenever Michael and his mother and father travelled to watch Albert play, their cheers were the loudest, for they knew the work Albert had put in to deserve those cheers and were very proud of their bench warmer - to - star family member, and others wished that they could "have a guy like Albert on their team."

DEAD MEN DON'T TELL TALES

BUT

LIVE MEN DO.

David Feder 10A

INTRODUCTION:

Why does lightning never strike the same place twice? Because the place is never the same after lightning strikes it. The same applies to Time. It repeats itself, but never exactly. Perhaps the difference between two episodes in history is as small as a different colour teapot or a misplaced watch. But usually the difference is crucial to the importance of the event.

Dead Men Don't Tell Tales, but Live Men Do

"Well, what do you say?" asks Andrew, while rhythmically stroking his beard in a habitual way. He is only five feet four inches, but his large bones and his skinny appearance give the illusion that he is at least a few inches taller. Nevertheless, he is not to be underestimated: he is as strong as an ox. Sitting next to him is James, who has been a friend of his for almost all his life.

"Sounds good to me," James replies.

Andrew remembers the day before he had won. "Jeez," he had wheezed. "Why do I have to run out of popcorn in the middle of my favorite movie? That store better have some of that 'Jiffy Pop.' After all the time I've wasted running the way to this place, the movie will be over before I even start cooking the popcorn."

It hadn't been his day. "Sorry sir," replied the man at the desk. "We don't have any at all." He had remembered thinking pure profanity but simply said, "Fine. Some chocolate-covered peanuts will do." His craving for junk food satisfied, he was about to leave when he, for some inane reason decided to buy a lottery ticket. "I'm too tired to run home immediately, anyway," he had told himself. He studied the six digit number on the card and then pocketed it. After a few minutes, he set out for home.

He won the lottery draw. It is a trip to the Bahamas for two people, scuba diving and deep-sea fishing. Being a bachelor, he invites James (another bachelor and an avid fisherman like Andrew).

The day they arrive in Freeport, Bahamas, they go out fishing in a boat the two have rented. They are out on the ocean for two hours, but they have no luck. "I'm going to go fix the accelerator," he calls to him. The moment he gets into what he is doing, James calls frantically from the deck.

"Andrew, come over here quick. I've just caught something, and it's really big. Come on down and help me haul it up out of the water. Where are you?"

The fact, though, is that Andrew is in the middle of fixing a broken accelerator and knows he couldn't be able to come down in the next few minutes. "Oh my God," he hears James moan. But he cannot stop as the pedal is in pieces. If he stops he will forget how to put it together and they will be stranded here. When finally he comes down, he realizes something is wrong. Two bodies are on the deck, surrounded by a pool of vomit. One of the figures he

clearly recognizes to be James'. The other's identity, though, is 64
indiscernible by the fact that the head is face down. The skin is bleach-
white and is beginning to come off in patches here and there over the
back, arms and legs. The figure is bent horribly, in no shape possible to a
living human being. A hand is missing. Andrew grips the rail. Then everything
goes black.

When Andrew comes around, he finds himself mercifully in bed, in his own
room. He sits up violently and strokes his chin. On the far side of the
room, sitting in his favourite chair (imagine already having a favourite
chair in a room you have spent only a few conscious minutes in!) is Jamie,
contentedly smoking a pipe. Hearing the rustle of the bedsheets, he then looks
at Andrew.

"Well, old boy," he says, "you've certainly had your adventure for the day."

Andrew looks at him as though he is out of his mind. Why this joviality?
he thinks. He's as white as a sheet, and he pretends nothing has happened.
Andrew forces a smile. "What time is it?" he asks.

"Time to get something in our stomachs. After the long trip we've had, you
must be starved." Again, that joviality, but didn't he catch a hint of
menace in his voice? What trip? he thinks. He can't mean the boat ride
we had: that wasn't particularly long. He means the plane ride??? What is
he trying to do, pretend it never happened? Andrew is infuriated.

"Hey, take it easy, take it easy," he replies, seeing the expression on
Andrew's face. "Just a joke. Let's get something to eat and then we'll talk
about it, okay?"

The next day they look at the body they have found. It is lying in a plain
wood coffin at the local crematorium. Andrew peers in. The head now face up,
is puffed and sagging, but he notes (not without a sick feeling in his
stomach) that it looks somehow familiar, he cannot place it. He doesn't say
anything about it, though, until later on the way back to the hotel.

"You know," James said, filling his pipe, "that face - its almost as
if I had seen it before"

He almost drove the car off the road.

"You're kidding," he says. "I thought the exact same thing!"

He glanced Andrew a skeptical look, but it seemed to Andrew that it was more
than a glance, it was almost a glare of anxiety? Of hostility? Perhaps a
mixture of both.

The body had been cremated. The identity has not been found, is lost
forever. The man is forgotten.

"Do you want to go for a swim?" Andrew asks.

James shakes his head. "It wouldn't be wise. We have just eaten lunch."

"That little bit won't make any difference. Come on!"

"Not me." It is argued no further. Andrew jumps in.

The boat is moored nearby. The body is found only a few hundred meters away. The figure must have been carried up this path. That hand must still be floating out there.

He swims for about five minutes and is about to turn around when he clutches his stomach. "Oh my God," he thinks. He tries to scream, to call, but he doesn't have any breath. He tries to inhale but his lungs fill with water. He clutches like a madman at something, anything, but there is nothing around him to catch. He struggles to stay afloat, but he sinks, like a stone, to the bottom. He reaches the ocean floor, pawing the ground. Something white emerges from the sand, something soft. A human hand.

James jumps up, heart suddenly pounding with anxiety. He has slept for at least an hour. Andrew isn't back. His towel is untouched. He calls, calls his name but his only answer is the echo from the nearby hills. He rushes to the boat, starts the motor and pushes the accelerator to the floor.

Yes, this is the spot. "No," he tells himself. "He's fine. He must have swam home before I left. He must be in his hotel room." He forces a laugh. Then he reaches for the fishing rod. His actions seem beyond the control of his mind. There is no bait on the line.

Andrew's body, being moved by the currents to and fro, is dead. But his mind is alive. Through his opened and glossy eyes, he sees the past as he didn't actually encounter it. Or maybe he did

The hull of a ship is above him. He can see it through the wavering clarity of the water. He is being moved slowly by the current. Suddenly he feels pulled, yanked upwards. His face is pushed face down. His arms reach the surface. He sees the man who pulls him. He is smiling, not unmaliciously. The dead man wants to cry out, "Jamie, Jamie. It's me. Why did you kill me, my bachelor friend?" But he is dead. Dead men don't tell tales. Now he is on the ship. The last thing he sees before his face get pushed down is that James is sticking his fingers down his throat.

James judges the weight of what is on the other end of the fishing line. It is very heavy. It is not fighting him. He takes his knife and cuts the line where it meets his rod. He says aloud to nobody, yet somebody, "I'm not surprised you recognized the face in that coffin." Smiling, he heads back to the ignition room, and turns the boat around in the direction of the motel.

IGNORANCE

Andrew Duffield

Eleanor Phillips could not see what was wrong with the Duchess of Derbyshire. From the moment of their coming on board the river boat, the Duchess began to complain of everything. If it was not about her intolerance of the morning sun, it was the wrong scarf or string of beads. She even went as far as to say that she disliked her cabin. Tamara, her niece, obligingly gave up hers on the other side. Soon the old lady was making life difficult for poor Pedro, the steward; Eleanor, the Duchess' tolerant nurse; and twice as hard for the Duke. In fact, for all except Jean-Claude Dujon, the Duke's private secretary, at whom nobody ever snapped, and Tamara, who said she was going to have a nap before the departure.

Arriving for the third time on the boat with a different perfume bottle, the Duke was approached once more by the duchess and sighed, "And now what, my dear? Oh do excuse me, me love. What would you like me to do?"

"There is a peculiar looking man on the boat, and I want him off right this instant!"

"There doesn't seem anything wrong with him. He looks like a respectable chap. I'm sure he won't disturb us."

"But at the office I was told distinctly that we were the only passengers! I need my privacy."

"Very well, I shall do what I can, me dear." And with that, the Duchess turned about-face and flounced off with an insulted air to get Eleanor to do her dirty work, anticipating results more to her liking. In the meantime the Duke did what he could, tactfully of course, but Pedro was a man of his word and did not want to cause any trouble: "I do nothing. Boss tell me he pay so he come on boat." The Duke was left speechless and took himself off to attend to another of his never-ending tasks. That was it. The man was going to stay. Pedro couldn't even be bribed.

Tamara, having no particular interest in the Amazonian vegetation, used her time by herself to appease her curiosity about this strange mystery man. Establishing herself in a lawn chair on the upper deck, she had a commanding view over all the movements of her subject: she had a clear view of his deck chair on the lower level, an open window to the dining room, and even a port hole to his cabin.

After a disappointing ten hours of thoroughly mindless observation, a good part of the morning to the late afternoon, she could conclude only that he seemed a generally quiet gentleman, not inclined to chat, with a sort of watchful look about him. Thus Tamara went to seek out Pedro to con the mystery man's name out of him, if possible.

Pedro was always doing something to accommodate the unceasing complaints of the Duchess. She tried to convince Pedro that it was customary to provide a passenger list, while she helped clean up a tea set that was not to the Duchess' liking. Pedro protested gently, saying that on the Amazon river boats such things are "no necessary."

"Mr. James Smith," she thought to herself, "I wonder if he's a 67
detective?"

After a surprisingly delightful dinner, Tamara lay down in her cabin to figure out what a detective would be doing on this ship. Coming to no particularly logical deductions, she sought out Jean-Claude, partly because she took a fancy to him, to see if they could determine more logically pleasing answers with two heads working at the same time. After some time they had to conclude that he was a detective hired by the Duchess to keep an eye on the Duke and Eleanor, for she always had this uncanny notion that the Duke was poisoning her so he could run away with her nurse. Despite Tamara's protestations, Jean-Claude was not yet convinced that the strange man was indeed a detective and went to challenge him to deny it.

The gentleman's response was; "Well, I suppose you could say that, in a manner of speaking, you're correct in your assumptions." At that moment there was a blood-curdling scream, and they were both off to the source, Jean-Claude at a sprint and Mr. Smith at a trot.

They found the Duchess standing on her bed staring at the floor with blank horror. At first Jean-Claude could see nothing and supposed that she was hallucinating again. However, through closer inspection, he saw the sickening hulk of an unbelievably large insect that approached the size of a medium-sized frog. To Jean-Claude's amazement, Mr. Smith took out his notepad and began to jot down some notes and proceeded calmly to pick up the grotesque bug, placed it on his notepad and, threw it out into the murky river water. And then, without stopping for a reaction, asked if the Duchess would like to have an after-dinner stroll. She sputtered as she came out of her horror stricken daze and accepted mutely.

On the upper deck, Mr. Smith introduced himself: "I'm an anthropologist. The notes I was taking are part of my study of the passengers of the boat, whom I find myself studying just as much the indigenous population of the jungle I came to observe." As he continued to talk about his life the Duchess' attention was continually diverted by a queer smell emanating from the neighbouring river boat. Casting a glance towards that direction, she saw what was to her an unappealing scene. The natives were sleeping on hammocks outside the comfort of sheltered living quarters. Some were awake eating.

Noticing the straying eyes and grimaces of his listener, Mr. Smith inquired; "is there something wrong Duchess Derbyshire?"

"What is that horrible muck those unclean barbarians are eating?"

"There's nothing to be disgusted about. It's a mixture of rice and beans, the staple of most natives. It's rather good, actually." Realizing that the Duchess did not know much about South America, the anthropologist sat her down away from the smell and explained the tropics, the natives and their customs, and the local conditions. By bedtime or so, the Duchess was all the wiser and less prejudiced about third world countries and their people.

Mr. Smith's note-taking heightened both Tamara's and Jean-Claude's interest; however, they were none the wiser about his occupation even by the end of the trip.

He stood beside a fallen comrade surveying the waste. Lance clenched in one weary hand, shield in the other, he could still smell the scent of battle which lay in the air. His long blonde hair, which hung over his chainmail that glistened along with his metal shin guards, was rippled by the gentle wind. The battle had not long ceased to rage. The gallant but tired crusader, Sir Benjamin, had led his eager men to victory, and was now being watched, unknown to him, by his young admiring son, Peter.

Peter, desirous of following in his father's footsteps, watched in awe as his father was at this point ordering his men to take the prisoners to his castle. How wonderful, he thought, it would be to fight beside or against such valiant men. He could almost picture himself, standing, head held high, his personal standard flying victoriously in the warm gusts which had been sent by the gods to collect the souls of those who had fallen in battle, for after life all would serve in the same army. One day, he too might be known as a chivalrous warrior. He looked at his leather tunic, then the armor of his father. His clothes now seemed to be like those of his father, and his dagger, a broadsword.

The young boy, Peter, now a man who must be be feared and respected, with the stealth and silence of a snake, slithered through the dense forest. He had been at the forefront of the attack, but his men had fought against overwhelming odds. Peter was the only survivor, for his men would, without a doubt, be transported by the warm breeze to parts unknown. They had confronted the enemy without a fear.

The sound of a twig snapping caught his attention. Such blunderers! The only reason they had won was that they outnumbered my men ten to one, he thought. He now crawled on his hands and knees to a bush beside the path to the castle. He could see two men. From their dress, he was able to tell that they were servants, mere boys. He could not attack men who were not worthy opponents, as many a capable foe had felt his bite. The servants passed by him uneventfully, and a few minutes later, he decided it was safe to proceed to his territory, where he could raise a larger force, along the road.

Almost at the same time that he pondered, the two servants caught sign of a hare, and were pursuing it in his direction as fast as their fat legs could carry them. When he heard their shouts and cries, he said to himself in a low whisper, "I now have no choice but to kill them." When the two youths had run past him, he jumped out behind them and shouted, "Halt in the name of Peter, or I shall be forced to kill you as you flee". The two attendants, quite confused, obeyed his request and remained stiff with terror until one had the courage to bow before the crusader and declare, "We are mere boys. You will get no ransom from our master if you take us prisoner. What do you want with us?"

Peter knew their type. If he tied them up, they would be found later when he was already raising another army. Such cowards, he thought, or why else would they not be squires learning to be knights? A real man would stand and fight. He looked at the expressions on their faces and ordered one to tie the other to a tree, and then himself tied the remaining one to a tree, but as he was nearly finished, he heard the sound of the enemy army returning to their castle. Then thinking that the servants were adequately secured, he ran into the bushes to hide.

The enemy came quickly, and found the boys tied to the tree. A tall man on a white stallion, obviously the leader, after exchanging a few words with the two who were tied to the tree, looked alarmed and made violent gestures with his arms to his men. They then conducted a meticulous search of the bushes, and not without results. It was no surprise to Peter that he was soon found. Two men were able to sneak behind him and apprehend him.

The furious cavalier was then carried by five burly men, despite his efforts to escape to the leader. When he saw the knight, the leader, a huge man, exclaimed with great anger, "Peter! How could you.....?" He understood." "Don't worry about it. Go home and tell the castle of our victory." Then he turned to his Lieutenant and said, while smiling, "He will make a most capable heir." He then motioned his son, who had been listening, with an angry look, to do as he was told. The boy left promptly, content with his father's remark.

His Lieutenant replied, "yes, one day he will be feared and respected by all, as is his father!" The column then triumphantly proceeded on to the castle.

A Billion Adams & Eves

--Tom Schopflocher, 10A

to say "i need" and to mean it
is to say "i want" with a gun in your hand
what is this blind desire
persisting like a faithful lung
fight on you nameless soldier
like an angel with a cause
march on into the night
and we will follow you till the end

there is an intricate stranger
who by nature is not unlike you
giving with her smile
and stealing back with your weakness
she comes to me in the night
stand by me sweet lady of the darkness
and destroy me eventually
are you this soldier's rifle

your cousin time haunts me as well
for i will die ruthlessly by his hand
yet it is all a part of your plan
as you laugh at our suicide machines
walk on you cold jester
down the fork'dden highway
tempt us to pick another apple
and we will see you at the end

We Will Find a Way

--James von Moltke

Frustration and boredom in their eyes
 Show the horrible condition of their lives.
 Disease in their minds and bodies
 Show the horrible condition of the times.
 Poverty or insanity haunt each runner
 And show the position of the race.

How to overcome our problems of the world
 And find a better way?
 How to solve our problems now,
 To start anew today?
 How to think and find the answer
 And blow our clouds away?

Are our problems so grave today
 That we must face them now?
 The faces that frown, smile as well.
 We will find a way.

A Clearing in the Woods

--Robert Moore-Ede

The sunlight streams down, breaking through the leaves
 To find and expose, to brighten and please.
 The forest creatures wander past this spot
 About which, from home, I've often thought.

A tree stands tall, with its head in the sky,
 Offering refuge to all passersby.
 A woodpecker eats insects from a birch
 High up in the air, from his lofty perch.

A squirrel looks at earthly surroundings
 Before venturing out to add to his findings.
 But once out of the safety of his tree,
 He must be fast to make it back safely.

Nature's ability sets me on pause
 And lets me ponder within me because
 Even with man's knowledge and awareness,
 A tree stands taller in might and greatness.

A noise cuts the silence. The wind runs around,
 Knowcking the coloured leaves to the ground,
 Reminding me that I must return home again,
 But next year I'll come back and see all this then.

The Zoo

--David Tang-Wai, 10A

Zoo--no visitors--
 Creatures move freely about,
 Trapped in self-made cages
 Yielding tokens, an item without doubt.

These two-legged creatures,
 One main species, ranging races--
 Rushing from sunrise
 To sunset, and return.

Though many do not take part,
 They are in their own worlds,
 Yet their various ages range
 From young to old.

Although there are periodical exits,
 We cannot leave the never-closing zoo.

Vulcanus

--Federico Bolza, 10A

Darkness falls over the city, yet it is not dark.
 Activity reigns over the seemingly inert town,
 People clearing the debris of their homes,
 Where once they lived happy lives.
 A fiery, red pit in a mountain causes this disaster,
 Spewing fire randomly, destroying all in its path;
 Nothing is spared, creation washed away as if it were driftwood
 in a storm.

Even the mighty trees and animals cannot withstand this
 tremendous force.

Remaining, is a large, gaping hole in that once peaceful mountain,
 The memory of what used to be.

The river bed is now filled with grim, grey liquid,
 Flowing to nourish its victims, causing but more disaster.

Everything is on the brink of destruction,
 Yet nothing can be done to avert this horrible fate.

The people continue to search, in vain hope,
 But all old possessions are now covered in dust and ash.

The faithful are rewarded with nothing
 And must share all with all.

Heaven . . . Paradise

--Nick Marchand, 10A

Heaven is that unknown, unforgotten world above the clouds
 Giving death a place to live in supreme happiness;
 That everlasting sunset symbolizing eternity,
 Out of life's reach until death were to intrude.

Paradise is the creation of mankind's utmost fantasies,
 Mysterious, magical, exceeding one's imagination;
 A place away from all the rest of silence and peacefulness,
 Untouched . . . unexposed . . . unconditional.
 A place that can be destroyed by carelessness,
 Just as fast as it had been created.

Heaven is that neverending stairway bringing forth a new dimension,
 A new life far superior to any that money can buy,
 With its mysteries and unanswerable questions,
 Leading on our curiosity into a world beyond comprehension;
 A world that can only be seen in the mind,
 Where goodness prevails and malignancy ceases.

Heaven is paradise,
 Reaching out for that pot of gold at the other end of the rainbow.

Bellies

--Alex Kuilman, 10A

Black bloated bellies are all a-flow;
 Crying tears of hunger their bodies do show,
 Dying every minute, as their bellies do swell,
 Seeming never to lessen the masses, resembling hell.

Yet how did these ill-fated get life so unfair,
 Living in such a state, so horrid, so painful and bare?
 One says it's the politicians, others the rain,
 But actually it's the government which wants power gain.

Newly-acquired heads, oriented towards left,
 Collect armies of Reds, leaving the Bellies bereft,
 Asking the others, "Do you want to become a Red?
 Yes? Great! For that we'll pay for your bread."

If the required rebuttal is, Nay,
 Answered by all Bloated Bellies, the prey,
 The sequel being Nature's evil to taking place
 Ravaging land, plant and almost a whole race.

Now is there a solution, or maybe a substitution?
 Voice Your opinion. Where is your contribution?!

Wings of Oil

--Michael Zenaitis, 10A

For years it crept from port to port
To sate the needs of greedy tanks.
It long ago had joined the ranks
Of flotsam for financial sport.

Each year he soared to a distant isle
As was ordained by nature's law;
Each year his mate amassed the straw
Which housed their brood so fragile.

He lies on the sand with wings outspread,
Another victim of man's failed plans,
Covered with black from eastern lands,
This shore will be his final bed.
Dear bird of our folly, die not in vain;
Lest we forget your song and pain.

Ski Country

--Joel Turner

Welcome to ski country, land of the open slope
And silent glacier. Where the sport of skiing
Is an incredible one--putting your body two feet underground.
The marvelous exhilaration that one feels
Is matched with no other than can be found.
From the minute you hit the slopes, the
Freedom begins, as your skis seesaw like swords
Through the powder snow. Your body twists and turns,
Hitting the bumps with such impact that each muscle
Is used to its maximum. You begin to feel your
Weightlessness as you soar through the air with
Agility and grace. You defy the laws of gravity
As your feet reach out towards the sky. You feel
Important as everyone watches your every move.
The thought of ever landing again goes through
Your mind, and when you finally do, your skis
Disappear beneath the surface of the snow.
High above the clouds, the strange world lies
In the distance below; above is the real world
In which we search for perfection.
As you reach the tree line, you catch sight of the
Village in the valley below. You hear the bells
Ringing from the church steeple. You suddenly
Realize that your journey has come to an end.

THE SUN'S JOURNEY

--Paul Capombassis, 10B

INTRUDING UPON THE DARK HORIZON
 COMES A FAINT SPARK OF LIGHT
 GROWING SLOWLY WITH TIME
 THE INTENSITY MAGNIFIES
 HANGING LIKE A SOFT FLOATING CLOUD
 IT MOVES SLOWLY ONWARD
 TO ITS BRIGHTEST AND HIGHEST POINT
 GRADUALLY THE DELICATE ORB DESCENDS
 LIKE THE FALLING WINTER SNOW
 ELEGANTLY YET WHOLE IN SILENCE
 UNTIL ONCE AGAIN IT APPEARS
 ON THE IMMENSE HORIZON
 NOT BEFORE THE LAST
 OF THE FADING SPHERE'S EDGE SETTLES
 WILL DARKNESS PREVAIL AND LEAVE ROOM
 FOR YET ANOTHER DISC TO APPEAR IN OUR SKY

Monster

--Cherian George, 10B

Leaf after leaf falls;
 Then milk spills over the land,
 And glass mirrors the sky.

But we bow in shame
 When we see the Monster's rage.
 Detritus, a monster, begins to soil
 the earth's bosom,
 And buries past with present.

But beauty will avenge its death
 With Earth's fury
 And God's wrath.

We sit in idleness, knowing our fate,
 As the monster grows and continues to devour.
 Give us the pleasure of beauty, God,
 And we will return to our tomorrow hope,
 When our young quell the monster.

There's No Way That Could Happen!
(A Modern Fairy Tale)

--George Soper, 10B

The sun burned hot that summer day.
They wouldn't have had it any other way.
None had managed to prevail,
No bunny-rabbits, no cotton-tails.

The previous night a storm did rage
Through fields and forests, a history page.
Uprooting plants, destroying life,
Following orders, though filled with strife.

The forest dwellers pleaded, "Do not start
A war against them," with all their heart.
But the trees stood fast, wanting more ground,
Ordering all opposed to be tied up and bound.

They sent generals to attack the others' land.
"Batter it down, by sword or by hand!"--
These war cries echoed on both sides,
And when forests go to war, we must abide
By the rules set up in this dreadful game.
The trees don't care: they have no shame.

After the battle the trees did not feast.
Did they care for their people? Not in the least.
The war was now over, everything gone.
Is this what'll happen if they drop the H-bomb?

A Raped Land

--David Kaufman, 10B

The wonders of the earth lay never known
Because man does not search for nature's gift:
A wondrous earth so splendid with its throne
Reigning over beauty unadorned
Yet unobserved by any human eye.
For nobody will travel far to see
A river deep or waterfall so high,
A barren land or one with opulence.
'Tis worth the journey to such an awesome land,
Where nature presides and beings may live free--
Unspoiled by greedy human hands.
The wonders of the world lay never known--

Luckily--for then they may exist.

The Red Fury

--Prasun Lala, 10B

Your red, fiery eye looks down upon us
Who know not its persuasive call to war.
On one side beckons the goddess of beauty,
And on the other--your plea, no, command for action.

Shall we traffick with such a being who promises
 barren land
And sky of blood?
Be the lust of vengeance so mighty
As to lay low the pillars of life?

In the Regia of Forum your spear lies waiting.
Pretense is given of wishing it away;
We worship it in secret.
Simple solution it offers to our problems
Caused by our forefathers' solutions.
Still the wounds sting our backs;
Still the Fear plagues our senses.

But we do not learn.
Please tell us how our courtship can be abandoned.
Your fires attract us yet,
And we seek you out.

The Sisters

--Christopher Beck, 10B

On our wasted, lonely, lifeless,
Moon,
A melted surface stares dolefully
At its sister.
A glimmer, a piercing light,
Edges over the horizon,
Misty, blue, slowly turning,
Fragile in its beauty,
A crystal sphere,
Earth.
It floats delicately, waiting,
Enchanting in its majesty.
The Sun glows lovingly,
Gently warming this,
Its favourite child,
Home.

Desert

--James Dale, 10B

A sea of dry waters drowns all around,
 Waiting and watching for something unfound.
 The wheels have turned to their hellish stage;
 And all seems to have stopped, but one in full rage.
 Time keeps still while all cries unheard
 Echo in cycles, with answers deterred.
 Hot dust beats down in place of the rain,
 And only death is relief from the pain.

But wait! Down comes mercy that ends the dearth;
 Heaven's gentle gift brings with it rebirth.
 The wheels have rolled past an evil ground;
 Downwards they go, fast and lazy. Lives abound,
 The survivors' pleas answered by waters that nourish
 The lives that almost ended, but now can flourish.
 Peace and relief forms a happy alloy
 That fills a bleak, eternal circle with joy.

A Traveller

--David Verchere, 10B

A traveller
 into the fires
 wealth-producing looks
 weary
 after the journey to the top
 -less world of success
 Is it really worth
 it he thinks
 of his truest loves he has lost
 time
 and time
 again he seemed to lose
 sight
 of the goal he was striving for
 many times he saw the BIG BOYS come
 and trample visions he saw
 it had been worth it
 to reach the highest point that he could reach
 is
 what he cares about most
 gold
 sex
 goods is what
 most of them haven't got
 around to thinking about better things
 life has to offer
 spiritual
 and

mental
 satisfaction can only be reached
 by being at peace
 with self
 one

From Orbit

--Chris Pratley, 11A

A star rises sparkling around the rim
 of the world Daggers of light wound the night
 leaving dawn to seep across the Earth
 The silver crescent grins sightlessly
 at the universe ignorant of peril
 Earthlings cluster on the surface unconcernedly toiling
 towards pointless goals The gleaming sliver hugs the
 dark orb as if in last embrace

Multitudes inhabit this sphere
 In ones and twos their thoughts are clear but
 groups lack vision thinking ever in the past
 tense at their uncertain future Blinders on
 men rush inexorably with eyes only for 'Old Glory'
 along the narrow path of patriotism to annihilation
 of their endeavours and others'
 hopes for survival languish in the minds of optimists
 Human intelligence and lemming-like wisdom make
 one vast organism
 infesting the planet
 asserting its will
 to its own destruction

From our vantage here
 circling high above our home
 you and I can see where the problems lie
 and some down there see through the fog
 But what can be done when men are, well,
 dumb.

Two Continents

--Timothy Bishop, 11A

Help! I am crushed between two cliffs
 slowly moving closer and closer they are
 but the heads of two immense overpowering continents
 below lies the echoing ocean lapping and chewing these masses
 above lies the starlit sky alluring
 but offering nothing faces are cracked
 revealing serious faults hands and feet
 inserted in these small cracks smooth wet cliffs
 are cold I am cold need food
 it seems . . . elected for this horrible twisted position

Two advancing monsters fists clenched set
 for ultimate conflict two Continents two Ideologies
 current in seas guides them against each other powerless
 in resisting I last of a chain to be mercilessly crushed
 proper spikes and ropes are needed to scale
 the slippery cliffs to touch the warm sun
 (have none) will I suffer the fate the seas handed me?
 cracks are becoming deeper and deeper will they shatter?
 or will I spill into the bloody pool below?
 have these Continents no compassion? no fears? no blood?

Heart is burning I want to get out must
 cry out answers are needed Food
 help is needed
 fill the cracks
 soften the granite
 steer the waves
 do you hear me? unbearable silence
 Ourselves! spikes and ropes
 education and common sense
 understanding and cooperation
 all essential NOW!

Mana Lapho--Stand Your Ground

--Timothy Winn, llB

High on Champagne Castle
 Dark continent
 land of knights encompasses me
 still the light is power in control
 handfuls govern my neglected legions
 barrens peaks homelands
 limited by total domination
 locks bolts bars restrain my wrath
 my kindred long for parole
 whilst I wait on perpetual time.

The sheer elevation of my confined point of view
 has been constrained in abundance
 an accumulation of choler initiating
 sedition against the oppressors
 to spark rebellion from my cooler
 setting animosity between bloodless man and Afrikan
 rise up
 clash our superiority will prevail.

Hear me my brothers
 Spread our word around unite
 though contained my aspirations
 will be inspiration for meritorious triumph
 let not the light out avenge our incarcerations
 raise your hands liberate our lands
 the pale slave drivers shall suffer
 behind bars I can behold your rapture
 the beginning of a new dawn.

Rapids

--Adam Bruun, 11B

Born a gentle incline the stream grows
 into a powerful river
 carelessly thundering down a violent valley
 The walls of the gorge become prisons
 forming an amplified echo
 of the water's noise
 As lost drops swirl in the wet air
 others scream in pain as they crash
 against the rock and flush in a hurricane
 of white water

Below me the liquid fierce and fast
 runs a coarse eventful path
 With their cunning and power the trillion
 molecules shape predetermined destinations
 Disguised by the beauty of physics and
 nature's phenomena rapids with their
 Medusa touch reach out
 randomly changing an unfortunate soul
 Ravenous and cunning rock hidden in a wave
 attracts entrepreneurs who spot
 challenging white water their appearance
 revealing untimely destruction
 Like clashing armies raft and water seek
 their ways Numbers prevailing they realize dreams
 or helpless failure

Now I look up the fissure
 at its youth a raft I see
 with an ignorant passenger
 Watch for the rocks up ahead
 and the rapids to the left
 Watch for your future of gold or dirt
 and lean from another's failures
 With regret in mind I go now
 to my humble grave.

A Breath of Water

--Kai McCall, 11B

Total immersion in a fathomless sea
 saw the water move up and down
 by ebb and flow
 with my very own eyes
 destroyed by endless gnawing of moving water
 pristine mountains stand on the ocean bed.

Littering the ocean floor
 ruin and rubble are perfectly placed
 No havoc has been wreaked here
 yet an odour of destruction floats
 above the water The difference is in the dying
 which is not so here.

My deprived lungs are now on fire
 even under the water one forgets
 the importance of breathing
 Using my arms I race to the surface
 exploding lungs shatter the calm water
 with a burst of life and lives.

There's always an end
 even to a fathomless sea.

On Broadway

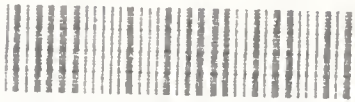
--Matt Caruso, 11B

Even from the back row of this ancient theatre
 I can see the saliva arcs reeling from the aching mouths
 The play has started but I have long gone missed the
 beginning.

The stage seems endless now: dark at one side, white light
 shouting at the other.
 The sets are deep and high--mountains, lakes, houses and
 empires. They've even gone to the trouble of creating wind.
 And she blows through the fields like an untamed thing.
 A lot of deaths, this play seems to have--but never a
 shortage of characters, and a plot line so thin one could
 floss with it (and get out those little seeds that get
 caught between your teeth).

All the great playwrights of history are here tonight
 But they couldn't have written this one.
 No, this is the work of a greater mind
 Neil Simon
 A comedy classic, a cast of thousands
 What's that, you're disappointed?

I think it has its moments
 Like other things.



Corcovado

--Ray Ritchie, 11B

Entrenched in the valley rioters spangle the valley floor
burning in desperation subject only to desire
they cannot walk on the water stretching for so many miles
nor ascend the mountains of the so many deprived
Looming towards the heavens
they are trodden with despair
although closer to their savior they are merely puppets of this world
cornered with their senses in an isolated place
the flood gates all closed.

Depleted, abused, exploited the outstretched arms
can no longer curb the growing riolence
emitted from the heated shacks burning
with rage nestled amidst the slopes
only the wind can freely race the golden horizon of rainbows
speeding invisibly through the heat of battle
it hugs the confining terrain vanishing unnoticed
as do the many lives settled along the black hills.

As I stand dwarfed beneath his feet
there is no way of dousing the slames
the flood gates closed
if only the stony expression on his face could answer
the calling spirits
we might last.

I.D. 34600

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AUTHOR

ID. 34600

TITLE

FOURTH DIMENSION

DATE _____

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